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Philip Caputo on Key West ● Baseball Forecast

Esquire

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**Plus: David Bradley on
Being Black and American**

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Esquire

January 1988
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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE A MAN AND HIS BODY

MOST MAGAZINES these days spend many pages celebrating the perfect youthful body—and we're all for it. But this month, we decided to stick out our chests, take a deep breath, and take a long, hard look at the inevitable fact of aging. What we discovered was a stunning process—so complex and yet so rational that it amazed and intrigued us before we even thought about becoming dependent. Our Documentary "The Aging Body" (page 42), covers all facets of a man's maturity and physical capacity as he ages from twenty to seventy. It is an invaluable guide to what lies ahead.

Gerontology is a science it's in an infant stage. Until recently, doctors knew a lot about how people aged but paid little attention to the deterioration of the healthy. Now, it turns out, there is some good news about aging. With advances in medical science, many of us can expect to live out our well-deserved eighty-five-year life-span (we're talking a low point) if we make it to the age of seventy. The author of this piece, John Tierney, has some sage advice about how to get there in good health and optimum shape, along the way. Tierney can afford to be detached and humorous about ending battles and fishy liposacs. He's only twenty-one.

SOME THINGS, like baseball, never die. They only grow less predictable with age. Join us in our fourth annual baseball preview, which is this month's Sporting Life. Once again, Bill James forecasts the ups and downs and ins and outs of the forthcoming season ("And Now for the Winners and Losers," page 124). James is one of baseball's quietest but most level observers. For the past six winters, he has set himself in his bedroom composing *The Baseball Abstract*, his annual manuscript of statistics, predictions, and interesting facts about baseball—a quest for baseball—which Ballantine Books is publishing a book from this June. In another tip of the hat to the national pastime, Thomas Howell writes about the story telling and



poetry here that is as much a tradition of the game as the diamond itself. His piece, "The Talk, Talk, Talk Around the League" (page 124), is an excerpt from his new book, *How Life Inside the World Series*—a gold mine for the connoisseur fan.

DAVID BRADLEY, author of the highly acclaimed novel *The Caucasian Chalkface*, set out to write an objective, sociological documentary about the state of blacks in America for *Esquire*. But, as his work on the project progressed, Bradley found that his most telling observations were those based on his own experience, and he decided to use the first-person voice to speak his mind ("Black and American, 1982," page 140). "People think of black America as a monolith," says Bradley, "when for the individual, black and American are contradictions. America is a land of immigrants but blacks are imports." Bradley, a professor of English at Temple University, says that for life has been shaped largely by the liberal social mores of the Sixties. In response, he takes the values of that time to task as he confronts his identity. It is quite a read.

WE WELCOME Philip Capote back to our page with "Why I Love Where I Live" (page 98), this month's Literary Life. Capote, who went to Afghanistan to cover the

war there for *Esquire* ("A Runner of Remembrance," December 1980), has lived as Key West since 2077. Here, he's crisscrossed of the island although he says it keeps getting more expensive and more gracious. "Key West isn't what it used to be," he says wistfully. "But it never was."

THERE ARE people whose souls seem a great deal older than their bodies. Such is the case with this month's 40-plus subject, Phoebe Stern ("The Blues at 50," page 74) was one of the great singing hopes of the Seventies, destined to be a star. Instead, we found her, at thirty-one, hanging out in New Jersey, the best use of a sad story that might yet find a happy ending.

Water Don Shoney draws a rich and intimate portrait of a brave, outspoken woman—certainly one of the funniest people in the entertainment business we've encountered in a long while.

ONE OF the great things about being an editor is receiving the unexpected in the mail. One such moment occurred several months ago when an unsolicited manuscript by a Dr. David Hollander arrived on the desk of associate editor Marilyn Johnson. Hollander, a young psychiatric resident, had written about the difficult task facing the physician after a patient dies: how to convince the family to give over the body as an autopsy can be performed. In his piece, "The Battle for the Dead" (page 61), Hollander sympathetically delineates the quandary of the grieving family versus the quest for medical research.

FINALLY, We are happy to share with you this month's Profile, "The Short and Tall Tales of Garrison Keillor" (page 103), by James Thrall, and a very early tip of the hat, "My Love/Hood" (page 150), by Charles Dickens, a connoisseur to our pages. We hope you enjoy the ups and downs, highs and lows, and age and youth of this issue. And level's to a long, healthy life.

—Philip Neff

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LEWIS ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

LETTERS

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

NEOLIBERALS REVISITED

THANKS FOR the article "The Neoliberal Club," by Randall Rothenberg (February). Rothenberg's article showcased Lester Thurow's economics and exposed the fatal weaknesses of the neoliberals. Men who are obsessed with cost-benefit analysis, unconcerned with coalition building, and firmly convinced that "everything is a substituted to, and a function of, the economy" are, to paraphrase an English historian, not statesmen but economists.

Doug Calman
Pittsford, Green, Ark.

MANY THANKS to Randall Rothenberg for his thoughtful and insightful introduction to the Neoliberal Club and to Kaplan for such prominent exposure of new and inspired thinking in American politics.

M. K. Brown
Santa Barbara, Calif.

NEOLIBERALS, CONTRARY to Randall Rothenberg's assertion, do most certainly have a philosophy. Theirs is the lexicon of individualism, liberty, and equality of opportunity that is as old as our Union. The "paragons" that denote their economic perceptions is nothing more than the understanding, as espoused by Adam Smith himself, that men act out of their own self-interest and not, as the misguided gurus of the Socialists would have us believe, out of some sense of altruism.

Neoliberals among the body politic are equipped to deal with the problems of the Eighties. They constitute the only group in the country today that is standing up to the problems we face. Thanks, Eugene, for bringing to light the "worse" of the human and for spotlighting the people who will lead the nation.

R. B. Cook
Sparkswood, Va.

I FOUND the article on neoliberals entertaining but overdone. Consider, for example, the statement that the neoliberals are at war with "the New Hayden-Mark Greens-Gar Alphonso-Democratic Socialists-Campaign for Economic Democracy crowd—along with their vision of a decentralized socialist people's state."

First, the use of the phrase "socialist people's state" is as dumb as it is to be humorous, albeit inadvertently I don't know any Democrat who favors such an entity,

much less do I even know what it means. I'm a market-oriented "economic Democrat" who has shivers at my books advocating economic cooperation cushioned by tough antitrust and health-safety law enforcement.

Second, whatever genuine differences there are between so-called neoliberals and more progressive Democrats, these differences are not ideological. Goldwater-Roosevelt-type conflict within the party. For while there is a President who forbids welfare requests to possessors-invests worth more than the actual value of one set of his cowboy boots (one thousand dollars), it is easy for Democrats to distinguish between their allies and their opponents.

Mark Green
President, The Democracy Project
New York, N.Y.

RANDALL ROTHENBERG'S "The Neoliberal Club" was the humor story of the year. It is inconceivable that educated people who have lived through the past twenty years can seriously be absorbing abstract economic planning concepts, the politeness and the benevolence should never be part of the investment allocation decision process. Over and over we learn that the motivation of politicians is power, not prosperity at all—certainly not effective investment of resources.

Ned H. Towner
St. Clair-Shore, Mich.

IT IS perhaps not as ironic that liberal capitalist reformists like Hart and Tawney would ignore the lessons of the Socialists even as they over the contrary. So many of the tragedies of that decade were brought on by their high-minded pretensions, after all, and nothing serves socialism better than their own mistakes.

Fortunately it hasn't been that long, and the lessons remain fresh.

The solution to the problems of stagflation and a rising social fabric that bedevil the Eighties will not be found in the doctrinaire dogmatism of the Socialists. Unless the Democrats start taking a stand on the real issue of the present, namely the rapidly increasing concentration of power in the hands of a few, then those of us who remember will be joining the ranks of the neoliberals, whose silence already speaks so loudly.

Peter Aronson
Washington, D.C.

HAZARD OF THE TRADE

BOB GREENE'S piece "Waters in the Night" (American Beat, February) drew me because I'm in the same line of work as Allen Ginsberg and am regularly subjected to similar misadventures. Babin is a quiet business. The deep-sea sits at alone, generally, in a little room with a window, and papers in suitable stream out into the ether. A very personal experience on this end, and on the other end. Lo and behold, you sometimes wind up meeting editorial heads, or prompting them, at your last resort.

It is not a question of being to project socially. They may hear it because that is what they are listening for. You can't avoid projecting some kind of security. It comes through in the music you choose to play, and it runs out in line with your sense of humor, intellect, and, worst of all, qualities to be cultivated in one's personality. It's a hazard of the trade.

Maxie L. Fisher
Memphis, TN

AMERICAN ARROGANCE

SO I'M not the only one who understands just how seriously unimpaired and unimpaired we Americans are to the ability of those around us. Harry S. Truman's "America First" (Editorial, February) is a gem of an article. His examples of American self-aggrandizement rock with the typical arrogance and smugness that most of us unconsciously extend toward foreigners.

What agents are most, though, is that this arrogance is so blind, we don't hardly know we are better, it is casually explained to us. Sure we have our scholars who know what's going on out there. But what about everyone else? Why did I have to wait until college to be offered a course in international relations?

It's time to be internationally designed programs into the public schools, to be an teaching foreign languages at an early age (like other countries), and to encourage American youth to explore something different. That way we will at least have something to back us up when we say "we're number one."

Joaney Price
Wellston, Ohio

Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address and phone number to: *The Sound and the Fury*, Editor, 2 West Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

BY ADAM SMITH

END OF THE MIRACLE ECONOMY?

Even robots may not save Japan from its next youth

I CAN remember—dimly now—that when I first visited Tokyo a generation ago it seemed Oriental. That is, there were twisted, winding streets just wide enough for one car, and the sound of gyo (wooden clogs) clapping along, and the smell of smoldering charcoal. The members on the houses reflected the date: they were built, not their relative position on a street, as if you were looking for an address and you did not speak Japanese, you had someone write out a Japanese characters a section of directions on several sheets of paper. You pinned the first to your lapel, like a small child being sent to his grandmother, and someone would put you on the subway at the right stop. You then replaced the first sheet of directions with a second sheet and a passerby would send you to the noodle shop, from which the third set of directions would get you to the laundrette. A sweet-potato vendor with a basket of most sweet potatoes wandered around his neck slung over the narrow streets, crying a distinctive sweet-potato call, much as Midge Mackenzie whistles her way through the streets of Dublin crying, "Cockles and mussels."

On a recent visit to the Shinkyo section of Tokyo, I found that the twisted streets, the gyo, and the smell of charcoal had all disappeared, replaced by gleaming skyscrapers indistinguishable from those of Houston. Between the skyscrapers were cement and brown lanes. The shops had moved to a kind of underground mall. Surprisingly, the sweet-potato man was still there. His basket was not on an electric cart, and the sweet-potato song came from the cassette he played through a loudspeaker, hardly audible over the roar of traffic.

Some stories that add to profoundly new first person along a vision the one. One such story is how the old production system acted control of the old and revised its price, dampening the growth of the world



economy. Another in the industrial section of Japan. Once we exported cars, the British built ships, the Germans made cameras. One by one the Japanese went after each area and conquered it. Recently the Japanese targeted automobiles—that is, computers, telecommunications, and so on—as the field of the 1980s. The micro-conductor may have been developed at Bell Labs, but it flourished into Sony Walkman and Cate calculators. The home chip in most personal computers has 50K of power, or storage capability, the market for the next step up in power, 10K, has virtually been won by the Japanese, and they are leading in the battle for the 500K chip market. From mass powerful chips you can design more powerful computers. At any time, in the last twenty-five years, you could find, as a theme, that the Japanese were getting diminished in some new market and pinning up money from exports.

In 1970, after a visit to Japan, I wrote an

article called "If Japan Becomes the New America. What Happens to the Old One?" In it, Lee Iacocca, now chairman of Chrysler, then president of Ford, was asked whether he thought the 1971 small cars coming out of Detroit would be successful. "They better be," said Iacocca, "because the Japanese are waiting in the wings." Mention to any the Japanese are no longer in the wings. They are no longer in the wings. The reasons for their success then and now follow much the same theme: "How did we do that?" asked a distinguished Japanese corporate director in the 1970 story. "Our people save 20 per cent of their wages, in the U.S., it is closer to 6 per cent. In the U.S., business is a event about half of their gross profit in new technology, new plant and equipment. Our are investing 150 per cent." In 1970, everybody worked on Saturday, and on the recent trip everybody I wanted to reach was also in his office on Saturday. Sociologist Robert Bellah has suggested that the Japanese are driven by a work ethic similar to that of the Puritans.

And what is this hardworking industrial power up to now?

"Robots," said my Tokyo banker host. "Japan is leading the world in robots. The robot revolution has had age of the industrial revolution. The industrial age gave industry its muscle, now it is getting brains. The sensor and the microprocessor will complete the age of machinery." So many people have applied to visit the Fujitsu Future Society where robots manufacture other robots that the company can no longer allow visitors. I went with my best friend to visit a couple of robot-manufacturing firms. One was in the bottom part basement. Said its managing director, "The fountain pen business is narrow, very dry. That we thought, we could convert the machines we use to make the fountain pens into machines that could as-

semble consumer appliances. So we did."

"Who else can make a machine like yours?" I asked—a standard question—expecting to hear the Germans, or perhaps the Americans.

"There is one other firm," said the managing director, "to Nagoya." Another robot-making firm also leads the world in making the works for music boxes. "If you can make a machine that makes parts delicate enough for music boxes, you can make a fairly sensitive robot," said the company's vice president.

When we think of robots, we are likely to think of R2D2 and other characters from Star Wars. But no robot has yet reached the anthropomorphic stage of R2D2. Today's robot is just a machine that can perform a repetitive task, with arms and a microprocessor, it can adjust to the results of what it is doing, count, and, in a cluster war, even get itself around.

Robots are, of course, very nice for productivity. They do not take coffee breaks or summer vacations, they do not go on strike, and they are happy to work twenty-four hours a day. There is no turning back from the robot revolution. Factories will buy robots, they will have to, as a factory somewhere else, perhaps in some other country, will simply get all the business. Workers ought to welcome robots, because any job that a robot can do is a pretty boring job. Statistically speaking, robots need not drastically reduce the total work force, because they will be more jobs that require programming, maintenance, and other skills as think of as mental rather than physical.

I could see that the Japanese were going to be adept at making the cheapest robots, and I said my heart that robot technology did not seem as sophisticated as, for example, that of high-speed computers.

"I don't think the technology is as sophisticated," he said. "The difference is, which society is going to adapt most quickly to robotry? Here in Japan we think we have an advantage, not just because we are producing the robots but because our corporations have a tradition of lifetime employment. We do not have a worker in one job and then lay him off if we do not need him. We never have around from job to job, and he is conditioned to cooperation. The robot is going to change the nature of work and the idea of a factory. Who knows more about that than the workers? So the workers must cooperate



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Photo: Bruce W. Smith for the New York Times

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ETHICS

BY LAURENCE SHAMES

THE BIGGEST BREAK

Can you turn your back on your family and still face yourself?

ON THE threshold of a bar in a hotel in New York, two men meet for a session. They shake hands, slap each other on the shoulder, then take a running jump to excitation themselves for each other's presence. Finally, one of them says, "I hope you don't mind, Pete, but I've asked a friend of mine to join us."

Pete does mind! His face turns a bit red, but he says, to a voice he can't prevent from sounding wary, "I wish you hadn't done that, Carl. I don't want to have a drink with your friend. I want to have a drink with you."

Carl fidgets. "Well, there's nothing I can do about it now," he says, not quite apologetically. "The already invited lady."

"Well," says Pete. Then there's a pause. The hesitancy of the situation is already lost. The piano player must be her friend, so he sits down and looks at another.

"Well, look," Pete continues, "why don't you go have a drink with your friend. It's not your mother's time."

He says it softly, but with an edge, and the other man doesn't try to change Pete's mind but simply hesitates, always, then holds out his hand to say goodnight. His shirt, and, as they do so, Carl sees—as he has so often—look of relief across the other's face.

"Hey, Carl?" he says, while their hands are still clasped.

"Yeah, Pete?" says the other man, a little anxiously, as if they had already parted and he were on his way to meet his friend. "Go to hell."

Pete turns abruptly and walks away. He bumps into several people as he crosses the hotel lobby and doesn't seem to notice. He is crying by the time he gets to the sidewalk.

SO WHAT do you make of it?

At first glance it would certainly seem that Carl was being a perfectly decent fellow, calm and reasonable, while Pete was



moody, storming about. Except it isn't that simple. The two men began to be brothers, and with friends it's never simple. There's too much history and too much passion.

"It's always done things like that," Pete told me later. Pete is one of my oldest friends, in his nondescript dealings,

less one of the most tolerant and easy-going people I've ever met. "Even when we were kids, Carl would always have a friend along, or would manage to be fairly engaged in television, or would have these crazy projects that he wouldn't share—there'd always be some convenient excuse for not paying attention to me, for keeping me outside."

The attraction between the brothers, then, was not an affectionate one. First, the younger by some four years, had grown up bunkering for his big brother's interest and approval. And the hunger that go unfulfilled in childhood don't ever go away. Even now, when Pete had de-

veloped into the more substantial and more well-rounded adult, he still could not help seeing himself as the smaller, weaker boy playing for the acceptance of the bigger, stronger one.

"We didn't see each other for about six months," Pete said, returning to the incident on the threshold of the bar. "And he'd been the one to call me, telling me he was coming to New York."

The call was just for family sake, but still, I got my hopes up—I've always believed that one of these days we'd break through to being a little warmer with each other. Well, when he told me he'd invited a friend, I knew that evening wasn't going to be the breakthrough. The carper, though, was the look on his face when I told him I was leaving. He looked as though he'd been stung from the center of being with his brother. And you know how an intense pain sometimes carries with it an intense clarity? Well, at that moment I realized I was being

deceived if I believed it would ever be any different.

I looked at Pete, who was looking at the floor. It occurred to me to wonder why the sad songs are almost always about unrequited love and lovers when it's usually friendship that really breaks your heart. "So what happens now?" I asked.

"Nothing happens," he said. "I don't intend ever to go out of my way to see him again. I'm done with him."

I knew Pete well enough to know he didn't say things for effect. He meant it. "Jesus," I said. "To break with a man of your own family—that's a pretty enormous move."

"Sure it is," my friend agreed. "And a hard one to pull, that one—twice it's in the nature of families to be unfair, but how much of a can you take? How much will you get divorces over mental cruelty—what about the mental cruelty that takes place around the family table, in the kids' playroom? If you know. If you know, if

whole life being vaguely uncomfortable around other race, wrestling with this fear that they considered me not worth the trouble. Why? Because that's how my cold and aloof brother—who takes after my cold and aloof father—made me feel. And I didn't deserve it. I'm proud!"

But then, to some degree or other, so are we all. Which of us doesn't harbor certain prejudices against his family? Who among us, in growing toward adulthood, hasn't had to undergo various shakedown put in his way by "oversensitive" parents, grandparents, siblings? And how many of us, at certain moments, have not secretly wished to be ostracized, totally alone and free of the whole damn difficult business? I know what my brother was talking about. The question, though, was not the existence of those insouciant and resentments that was given. The question was

what to do about those, how to discern right from wrong behavior in matters in which exposure got someone else's headshots all but impossible.

"I really don't know if I was right or wrong," my brother finally concluded. "I was honest."

"Ditto," I replied, "but how kind you go with that particular lack of honesty? And where do you stop? You and your father was the same way—would you break with him too?"

There was a pause, and then my friend, seemingly in spite of himself, broke into an awkward and even tender smile. "No," he said. "With my father it's different."

"But why?" I persisted. "It's not as cold and aloof..."

"But he's old," my friend said simply. "And, being old, he needs me—and I'm gradually mending you. But he does, and we

both know it and that makes the difference. You can put up with a lot if you know it's worth something to somebody."

If I'm, I believe, this question of need that defines the difference between an emotional distance and an ethical one: In dealing with his sister brother, Pete was making a psychological rather than a moral decision. He was cutting his own losses.

With parents, though, it's different, and the crux of the difference is the issue of who owes whom the most. The balance of dependence between parents and children is a serious, the matter of which constitutes one of the profoundest emotional experiences of every person's life. Consider: At birth, the new-born infant is utterly helpless; as he grows toward self-sufficiency, however, and as his parents come to know a certain degree of their self-worth from their roles as mother and father, a balance begins to be achieved, until for me in a beyond parents and children meet on grounds of mutual respect and equal appreciation. At some point, though—and this cannot but be a staggering development for all concerned, it's recalled that we realize it only gradually—the routine must eventually be the other way. Those who of their lives have been the taken must now become the givers.

Now if all families were Happy Families, these new responsibilities would be an unequivocal pleasure to fulfill. There'd be no logical difficulties, of course—having the presence of mind to make those phone calls, finding the time to make those visits home, clear conscience, though, the path would be clear. But the idea of the Happy Family is rather like the ideal of the Hollywood Reporter: it reflects promises rather than experience, it exists on a purified plane whose isolated simplicity only heightens our sense of the gritty complexities we have to deal with.

Which points that for most of us the path to entering our obligations toward our parents isn't clear at all. It's a maze with all sorts of junk—from the feeling that another child was favored to the plain lesson we were either forced to take on our own terms—and the manner in which we work around that junk is one of the most rigorous tests of our adulthood. We may be asked to be more understanding, more generous toward our parents than they were toward us. We may be asked to put aside our own rage to soothe those who made us angry in the first place. We may be asked to transcend and precisely those limitations of caring and apathy that our upbringing imposed on us. We may be asked, in other words, to grow on our own.

And since there is a fearful symmetry about these things, the difficulty of that growth is proper tribute to how far short our parents fell in the first place. If they'd been a good job, ours should come naturally, if they botched theirs, ours is the added burden.

And the added satisfaction—of outgrowing the knots, of making the change.

But is there a point beyond which the dancer can't go? Indecision?

I have a friend who, among the details, has far greater cause than most of us to be attracted toward her parents' capriciousness, in fact. Two Christmases ago, after a third of a lifetime of grilling her teeth and playing the careful daughter, she decided she wasn't going home. The decision was an unqualified one; for two weeks she wept, had crying spells, night terrors, the works; this wasn't just a question of honoring the holidays—it was a proposition. It was, or so she saw it at the time, the Big Break—end, inevitable or not, a surrender to the other side. But now, after the dust cannot be evaded. On Christmas Day she got up, dressed, she hysterically drank with friends. She was depressed well into January.

This past December, with some trepidation, I asked her what she was doing over the holidays. I expected a reply of the usual. She told me with a somewhat world-weary smile that she was going home.

"Yes," she said, noting my surprise, "the arranged is returning."

She tried to explain how the decision had come about, though more precisely than she did for concealing the emotional reasons we were dealing with. Her returning, she wanted me to understand, was not a capitulation; she hadn't been pressured by the folks. Nor did she feel guilty, exactly. But she had seen how broken through to a new way of seeing herself as part of her family and her family as part of her. "I figured a few things out," she said. "First of all, I realized that I had a choice about whether I went home or not. That's obvious. I know, but if you never exercise your options you're not doing anything. It's hard to remember it's there. So last year I showed myself I didn't have to go, and that if I did, it would be because, a spite of everything. I'd rather be there than anywhere else."

"And that suggests the other thing I learned," she went on, "which may be even more important. I used to think that the Christmas get-together was pure hypocrisy—all these people who basically don't get along putting on their best behavior for one season's afternoon. But then I realized that there's a difference between hypocrisy and ambivalence. It's not hypocrisy if, even with the anger, you still have certain good feelings too, feelings that you mean to make of my changing. See you met them out, however you can, you keep the connection open, it's not wide open. There's a sadness to it, sure. But...how shall I put it? It's a sadness that doesn't have to be unhappy, if that makes any sense."

In the context of families, I believe it does.

EXPERIENCE SHIRMAKERS is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.

The Anisator Shirt

Authentic. Manufactured by the Heuser—the people who supply most of America's leading airlines. These unique through-the-flag products, one with panel and one without, reliably deliver the most and clearest view of the world as it is. This special edition Van Heuser shirt is cut for comfortable fit, and is made of the finest quality cotton. The 80% Dacron polyester/cotton blend makes a better delivery of the comfort you want. But the permanent print convenience you demand. Choose from: blue or white. Short sleeves. \$17. Long sleeves \$18.

Garment made in Canada

Shirt Size Chart

Neck Length	Neck	Chest	Length
14 1/2	34	44	28 1/2
15 1/2	36	46	29 1/2
16 1/2	38	48	30 1/2
17 1/2	40	50	31 1/2
18 1/2	42	52	32 1/2
19 1/2	44	54	33 1/2
20 1/2	46	56	34 1/2
21 1/2	48	58	35 1/2
22 1/2	50	60	36 1/2
23 1/2	52	62	37 1/2
24 1/2	54	64	38 1/2
25 1/2	56	66	39 1/2
26 1/2	58	68	40 1/2
27 1/2	60	70	41 1/2
28 1/2	62	72	42 1/2
29 1/2	64	74	43 1/2
30 1/2	66	76	44 1/2
31 1/2	68	78	45 1/2
32 1/2	70	80	46 1/2
33 1/2	72	82	47 1/2
34 1/2	74	84	48 1/2
35 1/2	76	86	49 1/2
36 1/2	78	88	50 1/2
37 1/2	80	90	51 1/2
38 1/2	82	92	52 1/2
39 1/2	84	94	53 1/2
40 1/2	86	96	54 1/2
41 1/2	88	98	55 1/2
42 1/2	90	100	56 1/2
43 1/2	92	102	57 1/2
44 1/2	94	104	58 1/2
45 1/2	96	106	59 1/2
46 1/2	98	108	60 1/2
47 1/2	100	110	61 1/2
48 1/2	102	112	62 1/2
49 1/2	104	114	63 1/2
50 1/2	106	116	64 1/2
51 1/2	108	118	65 1/2
52 1/2	110	120	66 1/2
53 1/2	112	122	67 1/2
54 1/2	114	124	68 1/2
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56 1/2	118	128	70 1/2
57 1/2	120	130	71 1/2
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64 1/2	134	144	78 1/2
65 1/2	136	146	79 1/2
66 1/2	138	148	80 1/2
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68 1/2	142	152	82 1/2
69 1/2	144	154	83 1/2
70 1/2	146	156	84 1/2
71 1/2	148	158	85 1/2
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73 1/2	152	162	87 1/2
74 1/2	154	164	88 1/2
75 1/2	156	166	89 1/2
76 1/2	158	168	90 1/2
77 1/2	160	170	91 1/2
78 1/2	162	172	92 1/2
79 1/2	164	174	93 1/2
80 1/2	166	176	94 1/2
81 1/2	168	178	95 1/2
82 1/2	170	180	96 1/2
83 1/2	172	182	97 1/2
84 1/2	174	184	98 1/2
85 1/2	176	186	99 1/2
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97 1/2	200	210	111 1/2
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100 1/2	206	216	114 1/2
101 1/2	208	218	115 1/2
102 1/2	210	220	116 1/2
103 1/2	212	222	117 1/2
104 1/2	214	224	118 1/2
105 1/2	216	226	119 1/2
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118 1/2	242	252	132 1/2
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120 1/2	246	256	134 1/2
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122 1/2	250	260	136 1/2
123 1/2	252	262	137 1/2
124 1/2	254	264	138 1/2
125 1/2	256	266	139 1/2
126 1/2	258	268	140 1/2
127 1/2	260	270	141 1/2
128 1/2	262	272	142 1/2
129 1/2	264	274	143 1/2
130 1/2	266	276	144 1/2
131 1/2	268	278	145 1/2
132 1/2	270	280	146 1/2
133 1/2	272	282	147 1/2
134 1/2	274	284	148 1/2
135 1/2	276	286	149 1/2
136 1/2	278	288	150 1/2
137 1/2	280	290	151 1/2
138 1/2	282	292	152 1/2
139 1/2	284	294	153 1/2
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141 1/2	288	298	155 1/2
142 1/2	290	300	156 1/2
143 1/2	292	302	157 1/2
144 1/2	294	304	158 1/2
145 1/2	296	306	159 1/2
146 1/2	298	308	160 1/2
147 1/2	300	310	161 1/2
148 1/2	302	312	162 1/2
149 1/2	304	314	163 1/2
150 1/2	306	316	164 1/2
151 1/2	308	318	165 1/2
152 1/2	310	320	166 1/2
153 1/2	312	322	167 1/2
154 1/2	314	324	168 1/2
155 1/2	316	326	169 1/2
156 1/2	318	328	170 1/2
157 1/2	320	330	171 1/2
158 1/2	322	332	172 1/2
159 1/2	324	334	173 1/2
160 1/2	326	336	174 1/2
161 1/2	328	338	175 1/2
162 1/2	330	340	176 1/2
163 1/2	332	342	177 1/2
164 1/2	334	344	178 1/2
165 1/2	336	346	179 1/2
166 1/2	338	348	180 1/2
167 1/2	340	350	181 1/2
168 1/2	342	352	182 1/2
169 1/2	344	354	183 1/2
170 1/2	346	356	184 1/2
171 1/2	348	358	185 1/2
172 1/2	350	360	186 1/2
173 1/2	352	362	187 1/2
174 1/2	354	364	188 1/2
175 1/2	356	366	189 1/2
176 1/2	358	368	190 1/2
177 1/2	360	370	191 1/2
178 1/2	362	372	192 1/2
179 1/2	364	374	193 1/2
180 1/2	366	376	194 1/2
181 1/2	368	378	195 1/2
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183 1/2	372	382	197 1/2
184 1/2	374	384	198 1/2
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186 1/2	378	388	200 1/2
187 1/2	380	390	201 1/2
188 1/2	382	392	202 1/2
189 1/2	384	394	203 1/2
190 1/2	386	396	204 1/2
191 1/2	388	398	205 1/2
192 1/2	390	400	206 1/2
193 1/2	392	402	207 1/2
194 1/2	394	404	208 1/2
195 1/2	396	406	209 1/2
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197 1/2	400	410	211 1/2
198 1/2	402	412	212 1/2
199 1/2	404	414	213 1/2
200 1/2	406	416	214 1/2
201 1/2	408	418	215 1/2
202 1/2	410	420	216 1/2
203 1/2	412	422	217 1/2
204 1/2	414	424	218 1/2
205 1/2	416	426	219 1/2
206 1/2	418	428	220 1/2
207 1/2	420	430	221 1/2
208 1/2	422	432	222

BY ARDY FRIEDBERG

THE HUNDRED DAYS

All it takes to train for your first marathon—and live to tell the story

ONE of the strange things about runners (or, rather, would-be runners) is that they start to train about the marathon before they've broken in a single pair of running shoes. The fact that the shoe reduces the legs of elite world-class runners to only after twenty exhilarating miles seems to be a deterrent. It's the mystique, the novelty, and the glorified pain of the marathon that people can't seem to resist.

I was inspired to run my first marathon while watching the 1978 New York City race. It seemed crazy the night of eleven thousand otherwise-ordinary men and women chugging by determined to run a distance few people would consider walking. And yet, as the race—and the minute runners struggled past, I got that anxious feeling in my stomach that always comes when I know I'm about to do something new. I walked home slowly, anticipating the sense of purpose, accomplishment, and personal accomplishment. I went back to bed when I finished next year's race.

I trained hard for that race, listening intently to the fervent advice of my fellow marathoners in the park, and in fact managed to work up to eighty miles a week. On October 20, 1979, I finished in a respectable three hours and forty-one minutes, but I finished sore, exhausted, and depressed. It had simply not been worth it.

The fact is, I'll never be more than an average runner, an eight-quadrant runner at best, and the frantic pace was all wrong for me. So the next year I trained differently, running no more than fifty miles a week and throwing in some bike riding and weight lifting on the side. I finished the race in three hours and forty-five minutes (five minutes slower than the year before), but finally I finished elated.

Who is to say why anyone runs such a daunting race? But for those like me, with no particular bid for immortality, there is a



better way to train than the one preached by the doctor. It is possible to run your first marathon without forsaking job, family, and health as the price. All it takes is a hundred training days, or about seventy-five hours of running—roughly 562 miles at an average pace of eight minutes a mile. It's May. Your race is in September. Are you ready?

100 Days to Go: The first twenty-five days are spent building basic cardiovascular strength and endurance. The schedule is simple and follows the same form throughout your training. Monday and Thursday are always days off (not to be confused in the hundreds) and Sunday is the hardest training day of the week. Off days give the body time to replenish its energy reserves; Sunday's a good tough day because you probably have more time to run on the weekend and you have Monday to recover from your hard work.

This first week run only seventy miles—ten minutes on Tuesday, then fifteen, ten, fifteen again, and twenty on Sunday. The trick is to follow this pattern and increase your time in the succeeding weeks by five- and ten-minute chunks so that by the twenty-fifth day you're running 130 minutes a week. Speed is less important than a steady pace.

Before you get started, however, you'll need three items: a good pair of running shoes, a stopwatch, and a running log. Special clothes can't make a difference, but good shoes with a cushioned sole and heel are a necessity; plan to spend about forty dollars. A running log will help you keep track of your progress, and a stopwatch will make the necessary record keeping easier.

So now you're ready—almost. Before you start out the door, stretch for five minutes to prevent muscle strains and to get the blood flowing, and remember to stretch for another five after you've come home—it will help reduce the tightness that inevitably comes with repetitive movement.

On the road, one of the first things you'll notice is that you have a "natural" running style. As long as you're not running as your last or looking at your feet as you go, that style is probably perfectly adequate for you. The ideal way to run is with your head up, back straight, shoulders square, arms held loosely about waist high, and heels hitting the ground at just the right angle, but that's not easy to copy; you could hurt yourself trying.

These first few weeks, you will also meet other runners. You will find that runners like to talk about running—some talk about nothing else. Every runner has his own way to train, eat, and dress, most graciously. If their advice makes practical sense to you, try it. Otherwise, ignore it and you'll be well on your way.

75 Days to Go: It's time, getting better, and these days are more intense. Continue adding five- and occasional ten-minute

Those who make it, make it without compromise.

The many people these days start out on the road to success. Only to opt for the path of least resistance.

On the other hand, for those who are determined to pursue their ideal, the road is hard. But the rewards are rich.

Which brings us, rather circuitously, to the subject at hand: the New Balance 990.

A running shoe that was more than three years in the making. That came about through significant involvement with runners. That represents the top technology achievement of a company noted for its commitment of running shoe technology.

NO SHORTCUTS

Flexibility and support—they're the two characteristics every serious runner shoe manufacturer seeks to build into running shoes.

The problem is, one is usually achieved at the expense of the other. A shoe with superior support features a too hard and stiff sole. Or, conversely, a highly flexible shoe is too "give-

ing" in critical support areas.

The New Balance 990 goes farther than any running shoe ever has toward the ideal.

Maximum flexibility without the slightest sacrifice of support.

THE UPPERMOST IN FLEXIBILITY

Of all forms of footwear, slippers are undeniably the most comfortable. What does this have to do with the 990?

Well, you see, the upper portion of the 990 is constructed just like a slipper.

This construction technique ("slipper-planting") requires more technical skill than other techniques, and takes more time.

But the results are worth it. A shoe that fits better, feels better and gives you those overall "newbie" feelings.

A NEW DEVELOPMENT IN STABILITY

Slip-planting has one weakness: it's unstable in the heel area.

To compensate, our R&D people created a unique new stabilization device made of polyurethane—chosen for its strong, but supple, nature.

This patented Motion Control Device contains the best for maximum support. Without inhibiting a runner's natural running style.

WIDTH-SIZING A NEW BALANCE EXCLUSIVE

When you're paying this much for a running shoe (\$100, suggested retail price), you have every right to expect it to fit properly.

The 990 doesn't disappoint.

Because like every New Balance running shoe, it's available in a variety of widths, for a more perfect fit.

As it happens, New Balance is the only running shoe company that makes its shoes in a variety of widths.

But that shouldn't surprise you. After all, isn't the 990 proof that we'll go to any lengths to make it right?

New Balance Athletic Shoe, Inc., Boston, MA 02114

new balance **990**



My feeling really shows after with the flexibility and support.



BUT WHEN YOU'VE GOT THE NIGHT BEFORE THE RACE, YOU SHOULD BE IN BED. STAY THERE EVEN IF IT'S JUST TO STARE AT THE CEILING. YOU'VE DONE ALL YOU CAN TO PREPARE.

ute increments to your schedule so that your weekly time increases to 225 minutes and your sixth and seventh Sunday runs are fifty-minute sprints.

You're building a strong endurance base now, but that may be no consolation if you're crazy tired—an hour is a long time to spend running. Divert your mind by playing mental games: find the square root of 64, make up dirty limericks—do anything to get your brain off the sound of your footsteps. You might also meet a training partner to help you power through, but be choosy. Pick someone who runs your pace and who can talk about more than running.

One point: There will be days when for some reason or other you can't run—but stress conversations with your wife or husband. Don't worry about it. You can miss several days and still develop enough stamina to run your race. Remember that this is the new route to the marathon.

Another point: As your sole form of exercise, running can be so dry that it could drive you away from running altogether. Now is the time to diversify. Go bike riding, swim, play tennis, best of all, work out with weights—the upper-body strength will make you a better runner.

50 Days to Go. Nobody said it was going to be easy, and it's not. You should now be at four and a quarter hours a week (days of thirty-five, forty-five, forty-five, sixty, and seventy minutes apiece), at the next twenty-five running days, you should increase up to around five and a half minutes a week. And though running has become second nature by now, it's time to add something new—seriously hill work. Going up hills can be draining, but if you learn to deal without your pump, your pump won't be as much and slow up as you should do just fine. Going down, lean slightly forward and, while keeping control, let gravity do its job.

It's also about time to try out a race. Many people never run a race before the marathon, but I think it's good to get a feeling for the logistics and pressure involved. Visually enjoy weekend of the year there are hundreds of races across the country, so finding one in your area shouldn't be difficult. Keep to just a thirty- or forty-minute race this time.

Warning: At this stage you should also be particularly wary of overtraining. If you find yourself getting sore, feeling irritable, and losing your appetite, take a couple more days off and then get back to it. Minor squames—muscle aches, blisters, overuse, mild dehydration, and stress—often crop up now as well. The best treatment is usually rest.

25 Days to Go. You're getting down to the wire, and these days are crucial. This nineteenth week you should be running about 300 minutes, following a pattern of roughly fifty minutes on Tuesday, sixty, sixty, seventy, and eighty on Sunday. By the nineteenth week you should be running nearly four hundred minutes, with the hard run spanning one hundred to 150 minutes apiece.

If you have the chance, practice on part of the marathon course itself. It helps to get the feel of the road surface, know the hills, and to visualize the entire spectacle. Identify the landmarks, figure out where you should be after the first half hour, then the second. Fix in your mind the area around the twenty-mile mark, where you will have to face the dreaded "wall," that point where your muscular glycogen supplies are exhausted. By now you will have learned that there's no way out of it: you do run out of energy, and the only thing to do is bridge through it until you've exhausted yourself.

5 Days to Go. The race is this weekend. Good news—you can now slow down. Tiger off with twenty- and thirty-minute runs, and two days before the race stop running completely. It sounds easier than it is, actually, you're built up quite a momentum. But now is the time to pamper yourself, conserving energy at every opportunity. Sleep late, drink plenty of liquid, do a few stretching exercises, but stay off your feet. The night before the race, stay home, eat a good meal, carbohydrate-rich dinner and keep away from whiskey, wine, and beer. Double-check and pack your equipment, confirm your transportation to the race, arrange for a contact person you can notify by phone if you need it, get under those covers and a ten-dollar bill for an emergency. By ten o'clock you should be in bed. Stay there even if it's just to stare at the ceiling. You've done all you can to prepare.

IT'S RACE DAY. Wake up. Eat a light, low-fat breakfast, drink plenty of liquid, now go to the bathroom and empty yourself out. Check your number, your socks, and your shoelaces (shoelaces can put you out of the race) and leave for the starting line. Here at the scene of the race, the excitement is probably greater than you anticipated. The gun goes off: you're surrounded by a mass of heavy-breasted sprinting like rabbits. Many are setting an unrealistic pace. It's easy to get sucked in by their high energy and throw your race into the first two miles. Don't. In fact, try to run slower than you normally would, at least until the herd spreads out.

New there's more, but make sure you keep your pace. Chug some water even if you're not thirsty—your body will begin to run dry before your mouth does. These first sixty minutes are a snap, almost too easy. The next hour isn't much harder. Now you're at the seventeenth mile. Maybe you haven't had any major problems, maybe you've "hit the wall" with a loud splash, in any case, bear with it, these five or six miles have to be difficult no matter how much you've trained. Don't be shocked at sudden mood changes, lousy legs, or pain.

Miles twenty-two, twenty-three, and twenty-four drop by. But by this time it's become clear: you're going to finish. Now, especially, keep a steady pace. You just don't have much energy left to draw on.

You'll see the finish line less than two hundred yards away. The crowd is yelling, and you'll find that you're moving almost effortlessly through that valley of sound. Suddenly you're done, you've crossed the line. You're exhausted, exhausted.

You move farther toward your friends in the crowd and suddenly you're moving very slowly, belly to back with the other runners. Try to stay loose by jiggling in place, shaking out your arms and legs, and rolling your head in small circles. You can't let the blood pool in your legs.

Look around. What you see may depress you even in your excitement. The scene resembles a battlefield more than a sporting event. Runners are grogging and staggering, shagging into the arms of waiting volunteers. There are runners hobbling on bleeding feet, runners searching out relatives and friends, runners everywhere, sprawled out on the grass in various stages of despair. (Side inventory: Do you have bananas, banana spacers, or cramps? Do you feel dehydrated? Cried? If you need any medical assistance, don't be embarrassed to ask.

If everything seems in order, drink a little, eat a little, rest a little, and then, when you're home, celebrate tonight, but gently.

Tomorrow at next week, the memory of all those hours on the road and the pain of the last five miles will blur and you'll have time to consider what you've done. You may be delirious, well-exhausted, or completely content; you may decide your first marathon was also your last. For whatever reason, you've just run twenty-six miles, 26.2 yards. So no brought your body in as the it may ever go. Certainly, no hooked days of your life will ever be the same.

(BETTY FRANKENHORN) How to Run Your First Marathon. From which this article was selected and just how published by Plunkett/Greene & Schuster.

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AMERICAN BEAT

BY BOB GREENE

ONE IN 100 MILLION

They all crowded seats at the Super Bowl; he walked away

SOON IT will be summer. Beaches gonna get crowded, the television screens, and millions of men and women will be sunning themselves at picnics, prancing around tennis courts, summer golf balls into the distance.

And I will still be trying to explain why I did not go to the Super Bowl.

I ARRIVED in Detroit on Monday of Super Bowl week. I had every intention of going to the game the following Sunday. I did what any tourist could be expected to do: I checked into the Westin Hotel, walked into the lobby, went to the magazine rack and picked up copies of *Industry Week* and *Esquire* to read in my room, and accepted with gratitude one of the John West designer briefcases that were being given free by the National Football League to all reporters covering the game.

I WENT to the Silverdome in Pontiac. Both teams were scheduled for workouts, and reporters were being allowed to enter.

Since I do not regularly cover sports, my attitude toward professional athletes has been the same as that of most media consumers: there are huge, wealthy men. But as I walked among the San Francisco 49ers, all I could think about was that these people were babies.

I mean, we are used to seeing them in uniform, with those bar-brained helmets covering their faces, and when you see an athlete becomes sort of apologetic, sorry.

Here, though, in the flesh, it was striking to notice just how young they were. If they were playing in the NFL, they would have looked at home prancing in a service station. They were clearly awed by all the attention they were receiving on this occasion. It was close to zero outside, but inside the Silverdome it was seventy and some of the star players had up to two



hundred reporters swarming around them. I approached Mike McGill, a twenty-two-year-old rookie line-backer. On Sunday, he would be playing in front of 100 million people. He was wearing his jersey with the number 53 on the back. He was looking over at the table surrounding Joe Montana, the famous quarterback, and Bill Walsh, the famous coach.

"Before they can get out of there safely," he said. Like a few of the other rookies, McGill was in the awkward position of waiting around on the forty-yard line to see if anyone wanted to talk to him. No one seemed interested. Another 49er in the same situation was Rick Gervin, a twenty-two-year-old safety. As I watched him glancing at the reporters who kept passing him by, I felt that the dynamic resembled one of something; I walked up to say hello, and right away he got it easily.

"This is not as big as my first high school dance," he said.

I asked him which was more fun. He glanced up at the grandstand above the stadium. "Oh, probably my first high school dance," he said.

THERE WAS a party for visiting guests at the Henry Ford Museum in Dearborn. Much laughter and music filled the room, people were drinking and a band was playing, and the atmosphere was clearly one of fellowship and good fun.

I ended in a group that surrounded an automobile that was part of the museum's exhibit. The men and women in the group were telling each other dirty jokes. By then time the lip with Peppie singers were performing, and an old Beach Boys number was being amplified on the public-address system.

I kept looking at the car. It seemed familiar. Someone spilled a drink, and a waiter went to fetch a fresh one, and then a woman came around carrying a tray of champagne. I couldn't

stop staring at the car. It was an old black Lincoln, a kind I have never owned, but still, I was having the distinct feeling that I knew it.

So I broke off from the group. With their voices behind me and the music in the air, I looked at the plaque that was mounted on the wall above the car. The plaque identified one that it was the car in which John F. Kennedy was riding on the day he was assassinated.

IN THE Super Bowl press room, a sportswriter was noisily drinking a beer. He had just received a message from his editor. The editor was dissatisfied with the writer's coverage of game week. The editor had said that the reports were "not brutal enough."

I RODE out to the Silverdome again. It was a weird sight, just off the highway in an isolated part of southern Michigan. For miles it seemed like there was nothing but

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body and breathe fast-food restaurants, and then, using off-the-beat and new, there it was.

It was completely used by now. CBS traders were parked in the lot outside the stadium, and there was nowhere you could walk without being physically reminded of the fact that on Sunday ball of America would be looking at this structure. In person, the Silverdome seemed more a strange drama real place; it didn't truly have to exist—its actual presence here in Michigan seemed almost unnecessary. CBS had paid \$8 million for the right to televise pictures of it during Sunday's broadcast; but the eighty thousand or so people who would be here in the seats were so unimpressed with the hundred million who would watch the television show. The morning after the game, the network images of the Silverdome would have disappeared. It would seem odd to find the structure still standing.

EVERYONE INVOLVED in the Super Bowl knew that they were literally taking part in a television program. Which was only right; the young men on the playing field were children of the television age. Ricky Patton, the 49ers running back, had the given name of Ricky Ricardo Patton. What his mother had been pregnant with him, she had been a fan of *I Love Lucy*.

THE PARTIES at night began to seem better. At one, a striking blond woman in a low-cut black dress was stationed at the front door to welcome guests. An ABC camera crew turned its lights on her to get a shot, and the effect was to make the dress disappear. She stood there waiting, and in the lights you could see her entire body. She wore no underwear. About an hour later she circulated from group to group. A reporter who had had too much to drink looked at her and said, "You really have nice tits."

She smiled at him and said, "Thank you."

Later I talked to her; her name was Barbara Nichols, she was thirty-one, she was a model, and she was volunteering her time to the Michigan Host Committee. I asked her if she had been involved by what the man had said.

"No," she said. "It happens whenever I go. I have the best body in the city, and men are always saying things like that. It's no different than if he had told me I had nice legs."

I asked her if she had trouble dealing with comments like that.

"You just have to remember little boys," she said. "The funny thing is, though, that little boys are beginning to act the same way. I was modeling at a show at Coco Hall, and this twelve- or thirteen-year-old boy kept hanging around and looking at me. About the fifth time he came up, I said, 'You're so cute, I'd like to have you

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A Ford Mustang Beat A Porsche.

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A Mustang??? BMW maybe. Or a Lola or a Ferrari. But a Mustang?

How quick we are in this country to think that our automobile industry has lost the lead to the imports. First on the track. Then in the marketplace.

And this is something we wish to keep in

perspective. So we went back to racing. To prove something.

Here's the surprise: The Ford Mustang which beat Porsche and Lola at Brainerd and again at Sears Point (plus a BMW) did it with a 4-cylinder Ford Fiesta engine, modified, it's true. But the cars it beat were also built for racing only. Costing as much as \$250,000. With six and eight cylinder engines.

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1.7 litre engine to produce a staggering 560 horsepower. And a top speed of 185 mph.

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We like to think of the race not so much as the tortoise against the hare, but as a spirited thoroughbred against a legendary racing machine.



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Man At His Best

AGENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE

SMART MONEY

Hoarding Cars



Rapid depreciation has traditionally been the bane of the American car owner. But already a small army of people out there are trying to turn around a trend. They are hoarding late-model cars, stashing perfectly good vehicles and then selling away.

The concept of hoarding good, usable cars may seem strangely un-American. Cars, we have been taught, are to drive; they are supposed to change every year and fall by the wayside. Yet as we get deeper and deeper into the shoe box syndrome, in which all models begin to look alike, it becomes more and more apparent that there will be a demand for the muscle car and the big luxury sed—far profit and supply shortages for the chisel of an age past.

Certainly we can't look to the automobile manufacturers to bring them back. They are up to their eyeballs in competition trying to sell what they are scraping out today. And the government promises that the car of the future will be economical, safe and fun.

This, then, is a time when a car can command a modest amount of money with a fair degree of effort, knowing that it is the most logical time for collecting cars that we have ever had—logical because there were a lot of good cars built in the past decade or so and their number is falling.

THE NEAR-CLASSICS

Assuming that our legion of late-model collectors is right, which cars should we hoard? Is the mere fact that a vehicle has

been dropped from production a good enough reason to snap it up?

No. Sensible collecting is one thing; mind hoarding is another. People often have incredibly distorted views of what is collectible, whether it's gold or cars. Obviously there are guidelines. Any car, if preserved long enough to show average or, better yet, mint condition—minty cars will be worth something because of historical perspective. Some will be worth more than others, but they will be worth considerably more than they are selling for in 1982—if for no other reason than the fact that a 1985 Chevrolet Chevette might sell for as much as \$15,000.

Jim Wagner, whose company, Motor Town, built the "special edition" cars for the industry for years—supercars like the Dodge Midnight Charger, the American Motors AMX, the Plymouth Vulture Roadrunner, the Ford Mustang Cobra II, the Chevy Nova Shark, and many more—feels that there are a lot of collectible late-model cars around right now.

"Some of the cars we produced a couple of years ago are destined to become classics," he says, "and not in much because of the changing tastes as because of the very characteristics of the cars themselves. Unfortunately, many of these cars we will most likely never see again."

Moreover, the success of special edition cars like those Wagner built, however limited the numbers were, brought attention to the car line they represented. Some good examples are what the Toys 'n' Fun did for the whole Ford line, what the Cobra

did for the Mustang, and what the Z28 did for the Camaro—and perhaps for the entire Chevrolet division. While most of the small special-edition performance cars will be classics, the standard versions should be good bets as well. At a recent Kriese classic car auction in New Orleans, the most spirited bidding was on cars of the late 1970s and 1980s. A 1984 Plymouth—an excellent condition, with only 2,300 miles on the odometer—went for \$5,600; a 1987 Dodge brought \$3,725. These are cars that probably would have sold for \$100 to \$200 just a few years ago. Most of the middle-priced classics—the \$20,000 to \$30,000 cars—went lower.

On the other hand, the expensive classics, like the Mercedes 540K and the Duesenberg, seem to suffer precious little from a declining money market, and they can cost upwards of half a million dollars. "After all," says Don Kusan, "the same kind of people who bought them when they were new will buy them today." So it would appear that the smart investments are at either end of the spectrum: the \$100,000 and up true classics and the 1980s and 1990s vintage, where the range is \$1,500 to \$15,000. Tops.

PICK OF THE LOT

Now that you know that the bargain classic does exist, where should you look for one? The answer is as obvious as most shoppers over look it: the classified section of the newspaper or the used-car lot. Specialty-car publications and classic-car dealers are the worst places to look. These people already know how much to ask. Of course, not every

THE SEASONED COOK A Curry Specialist



For a number of years, my friend John Menka spent his summers in London, in what are the finest Indian restaurants he acquired a taste for curries. Today he is the best curry cook I know. Menka also is a mathematician, and I had always wondered whether he carried recipes in the pocket, a method and way in which he would solve a differential equation. Having recently observed him cooking a curry dinner, I am glad to report that that is not the case. John, like all good cooks, is a ready computer. "I really had no choice," he explains, "because when I began cooking curries, the only recipe books I could find were from England." (English cookbooks tend to be, like English crossword puzzles, a little baffling.)

John's all-time favorite cookbook instruction is one that instructs the reader to sauté onions until they are "the color of cumin." This is a curry where cumin, dol peenah, is itself a bit obscure—it means rather "two kinds of onion" or "twice as many onions." Judging by the way he went about it, I would say John leans toward the latter interpretation.

Here's the Menka method for dol peenah. Start with eight large or twelve medium-sized onions. Run half of them through a food processor (or

out by hand) so that they are coarsely chopped, and combine them with a cup of yogurt, two tablespoons of cumin seed, and two pounds of pork or lamb cut into one-inch cubes. Mix immediately so the meat can marinate while you slice the remaining onions and put them in a heavy pot to sauté. Indian cooks usually oil for the ingredients to be cooked to give, a clarified butter that doesn't burn when cooked at high temperatures. But to save both time and cholesterol, John recommends a vegetable oil instead. Cooked over a medium flame in just enough peanut or corn oil to coat the bottom of the pot, the onions will take about half an hour to reach the palatable state of "cumin."

SPICE IS THE VARIETY

While the onions are being transformed, you can begin a second course. A Mogul vegetable dish complements dol peenah nicely, and it, too, begins with onions (two big ones) chopped in the food processor and set to sizzle in a large skillet. Although both curries begin the same way, they won't end up tasting the same. Sometimes one gets the impression that Indian food boils down to only a couple of days—either the grainy, meaty mess of the curries or the bland, unexciting, and often overcooked meat of the Indian restaurants, or the distinct but

equally invisible flavor that "curry powder" imparts. The true glory of Indian cooking is that it can achieve a wide range of flavors with only a few vegetables and meats cooked in very simple, flexible ways. The secret is the spices—turmeric, cardamom, cumin, coriander, cloves, ginger, cumin, fenugreek, mustard seed—used not for heat but for subtlety and variety. This is why John doesn't like his curries to be too decadent. He likes a curry to turn out a bit differently every time.

While the onions for both the Mogul vegetables and the dol peenah are cooking, put the following ingredients into a food processor or blender: a couple of dozen bleached almonds, a cup and a half of dried, unseasoned coconut, a half cup of split peas, two tablespoons of poppy seeds, one teaspoon of cardamom seeds, a half teaspoon each of cumin and red pepper, and a quarter teaspoon of ground cloves. Pulverize the mixture until it is about the consistency of breaded. This is what will give the vegetables their distinctive taste. After cutting up the vegetables—three carrots and one green pepper, both cut in thin strips, a half pound of green beans with the ends removed, and one onion sliced in thin rounds—combine the dry mixture with one cup of yogurt and the onions in the skillet. Add the vegetables one at a time so the hard ones will cook longer; seven minutes for the carrots, five for the green beans and pepper, one for the almonds.

Cover the skillet and shake it occasionally or even add a little water to keep the vegetables from burning as they steam in the hot yogurt. At the last minute, squeeze in the juice of half a lemon, and then set the dish aside to keep.

By now the onion for the dol peenah are the desired color and ought to be removed from the pot with a slotted spoon. Though black pepper is used, the onions are ground into the oil and mustard that remains, and the flame should be turned up high for a few

FINISHING TOUCHES

While the dol peenah is in the oven, there's time to make one last dish, savory aromatic rice. Begin by making white rice in the usual way—one cup of uncooked rice in two and a quarter cups of boiling water until the water is absorbed. Once you've got the rice going, put the following into a small frying pan: four tablespoons of sesame oil, one teaspoon of turmeric, two teaspoons each of cumin seeds, mustard seeds, and coriander, three tablespoons of shelled unsalted peanuts, a half teaspoon each of fenugreek and tarragon. You should fry this mixture lightly, taking care not to burn it. Then mix with the rice, and as soon as the dol peenah has finished cooking, the meal is ready to serve.

John doesn't make either part or paratha, the traditional breads of India. Instead he buys the Middle Eastern bread pita, which resembles paratha in texture and shape. He usually toasts the pita and warms it in the oven before serving. And, of course, he offers a couple of chutneys on the side, usually Major Grey's and a hot mango chutney.

As for other garnishes and I scattered them the dol peenah, Mogul vegetables, and savory aromatic rice, John responded to all the cooks and



Taste is all it takes to switch to Jim Beam.

Man At His Best

asks with typical modesty: "Oh, well," he says. "I'm just cooking for an American, so I like an scientific specificity. Everybody cooks Italian or French. But if you cook something unique and exotic, like Indian food, all your guests are uniformly amazed, you're an expert in the field." Maybe

that's so, but modesty has its limits. Five entrées a lot of Indian restaurants will, even though I'd never admit it to John. I have tried cooking a few cuisines myself. In my opinion, the most delicious also be could have been had a job as a sous-chef.

—John L. Westerbeck Jr.

SPECIAL PLACES

Rugged Western Rides



D arty stages of the Old West here—and indeed they do at all. Luckily, there are still plenty of spots where you can saddle up and reindeer tail or wrangler to make you through some spirited riding. These wild-western trail rides today stress personal instruction and good, hard rides to out-of-the-way places, but they also include enough info to soothe the saddle-sore. The following are several fine places for riding—both dude ranches and charter bus check operations—managed by people who are devoted to the sport, to their horses, to the land, and to the satisfaction of their guests.

SPRING GARDEN, CALIFORNIA

Along the northern California Sierras, some 6,200 feet up, sits the Coscoville Creek Guest Ranch. Here, amid the firs and pines of the Plumas National Forest, trail riders are

saddled to horseback thousands of miles of trails to 20,000 feet. Yet the country is less than two hours (by car) from Reno and Tahoe.

With a string of eighty-five horses to lead, the ranch, at peak periods, handles nearly to one hundred guests. Typically they check in on Saturday, taking two different two-hour extension rides each day. "We have a hamburger cookout on Sunday afternoon, a steak cookout on Sundays, and we supply all the gear," says manager Ted Smith.

There are trail rides for all ages, intermediates, and advanced horsemen, and by the end of a week, most visitors will have progressed a notch or two. With so much extended forest in the neighborhood, the Granddaddy Creek Inn is a natural choice for hikers who would like to ride, but for insurance reasons were taken from the ranch always go along. There's

also swimming, fishing, and hiking on the 640-acre spread, all within walking or riding distance. Summer season weekly rates range from \$430 for children to \$530 for adults, including accommodations and food. Write to Lynn Kidder at Coscoville Creek Guest Ranch, P.O. Box 11, Spring Garden, California 95971. Tel.: (916) 284-0030.

CODY, WYOMING

The young couple who run Grizzly Ranch in Glacier Valley would like nothing better than to take you riding over the wide-open meadows and high mountain plateaus and along jagged peaks between Cody and Yellowstone National Park. This stretch, which Teddy Roosevelt once called "the most scenic fifty miles in America," is best seen in mid-summer and later in spring. In lower areas and high waters make the high country too dangerous, the locals say, even for seasoned mountain horses.

Forty-eight horses are boarded at the ranch, and partners Rick and Candy Peltz oversee. Grizzly guests to plan their own pack trips of five to ten days. Saddlehike and mountain rock formations throughout the glacier valley may be tricky to navigate but are a pleasure to conquer and spectacular to photograph. Grizzly's wranglers will give you a hand choosing and leading the kind of trails where leather chaps, headed straps, or thick wool pants are in order. If the group is large enough, a cook will go along.

There are cabins and lodge accommodations at the ranch with tennis, fishing, and big-game hunting nearby. Prices run \$100 per day per person. The Peltzs, who have been ranching and guiding for fifteen years, will pick you up free of charge at the Cody Airport. Write to Grizzly Ranch, North Rock, Idaho, Cody, Wyoming 82416. Tel.: (307) 367-3898.

ASPEN, COLORADO

Just outside Aspen, not far from the old silver mines that put the town on the map a hundred years ago, you'll come

across a man named Johnny Camp. Once the skiers have gone, Camp takes people riding and hunting in the postcard countryside surrounding Aspen. Near the four-month riding season begins mid-June. In flowing the steepest spring weather. Though the trails are above the timberline—up to thirteen thousand feet high—are among the most picturesque in the country, much of the riding is tricky, challenging. Rockslides and muddy spots and holes aren't uncommon up where the clouds dance and roll.

If you've been up there on horseback before and know what you're doing, Camp will let you go out on your own. But if not, he will be happy to take you out for an hour (or up to ten days) in hunting season and creek you eggs and stonks along the trail, or assist you up through Lead Mine and Copper Pass to Gypsum Butte and back. That trip, a two-day trek covering forty-four miles with an overnight stay in a condenser, costs \$150, after chafe. If you plan your own pack trip of a few days, it will cost \$225 per person per day, including groceries, tents, and such, mounted gear as extra horseback. You can reach Camp at the Pine granite Station, 22054 Highway 82, Aspen, Colorado 81611. Tel.: (303) 325-2700.

WICKENBURG, ARIZONA

The Diamond P Ranch is a working cattle ranch that invites folks to come ride the land. It has been the Diamond P for twenty-eight years and the owner doesn't bother to advertise. He doesn't need it, says H. P. Park, age eighty. Of his ranch he says proudly, "This is probably the prettiest riding country in the U.S."

Some fifty miles northeast of Phoenix and about sixty miles southwest of the striking green Prescott National Forest, the Diamond P rises the rugged Buckhorn and the cow and calf. Throughout the twenty-three square miles of unspoiled land, arroyos, meadows, cliffs, and canyons dot the landscape. There are pack-



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Man At His Best

sabins, deer, and a few coyotes on the premises, but horsemen don't come for that. It is the rough desert terrain they seek out time and again.

Regrettably, Park says this may be the last year he operates the riding concession, because "I'm too old to keep going, and we're in the cattle business." For a while, though, there is space at the ranch for

THE DRINKING MAN
Vodka by Daylight



Generally speaking, the tests for alcoholism are a nighttime test. There's something about the business of a day's eating that toughens the taste buds and gums them up for appreciating the pleasures of alcohol. Which is not to say that we should imbibe only after sundown, merely that during the day we drink logic for reasons other than the taste.

All of this is to argue that the heart of the light of day is vodka. Vodka is the purest of alcoholic spirits; that is, it is distilled to the level of a green neutral spirit, 190 proof or above, and then watered down to meet commercial proof standards. As a result, vodka is essentially tasteless, odorless, and colorless, the very qualities that make vodka ideal for mixing and ideal for drinking with food.

Imagine a brunch and not it.

twelve visitors at a time. A week's stay costs \$650 per couple and includes all meals and a private guest cabin. Note, however, that the ranch doesn't take guests during the summer months, that is not the time to do the desert on horseback. You can reach H F Park at the Diamond P Ranch, Wickenburg, Arizona 85538. Tel. (602) 684-3180. ♦

ed vodka combinations de-
serve garnishes: a slice of
orange and a cherry for the
Vodka Collins, a lime wedge
for the others.

Vodka combinations with fruit juices afford the drinker a little more flexibility, since most of these drinks will bear creative variations. To a Screwdriver, to which add a dash of curacao. Salt the rim of a glass so you would for a Margarita. Mix with vodka and grapefruit juice, and call it Sassy Dog. Swizzle a Cape Codder (vodka and cranberry juice) with a splash of Rose's Lime Juice, or make it more tart with the juice of half a lime.

The great traditional brunch cocktail is, of course, the Bloody Mary. Conventionally, it is made with tomato juice, but vegetable juice is a tasty alternative. And these are easy to

FIRST-RATE *Tough Two-wheelers*

Before its untethered European cousin was asked to sit out of the market, the old one-speed balloon-tire bicycle-blown white-well turret, counter brakes, steer-horn handlebars, protruding, and plenty of chrome—ruled the road. It was like a tank—and so was

all times. In the past, the club socialized with vodka (with the possible exception of the 1970s, when it seemed to have served only beer) and should be mixed with at least twice as much water as liquor. Vodka with coffee was not to be the province of the carbonated possibilities, to add a touch at the end of the meal, or to the club soda. Vodka and tonic at home water transmuted—cool and laid away. Vodka and soda in a brick filled with butter and tea. Vodka and Blended Iceberg, though a wretched idea, was the only thing that made all of these carbonated drinks that hardly anything could go wrong with. A member forgot one day that the vodka transmuted a few years when it was Causalists took to the streets, and they ran on the fast trails around North County in inevitable California dachshunds, carbonated were soon consuming the bricks, sipping all the good stuff and leaving the vodka to the multiple genres and hard drinkers. When they did come as much as they could to enhance the old machine, a few resourceful families began experimenting with new flavors, and the vodka transmuted, once again, carbonated. Now,

gythens that will serve to open the drink: oak and popper. Wuxentershire sauce. Tofuano, horseradish, and lemon juice are common. No

so common but worth experimenting with are any sauce, celery salt and even garlic salt. A Bloody Mary can be served over ice and crated in the glass, or it can be shaken with ice and then decanted and stirred straight up. And finally, it is not unheard of to drop a dollop of sour cream on an ice-cold Bloody Mary and stir well. The usual garnish is a lime wedge, a fresh stalk of celery in a juiciness and delicious addition.

Vodka complements virtually all brunch buffet fare: eggs, smoked fish, chickens, hot cuts, salads. So eat hearty and drink hearty. And have a nice day. ●



thing you knew, a new type of bicycle hit the market.

A mountain bike—or off-roader—has, in addition to its tires, the wide-range gears to get it up and down hills, heavy-duty brakes, front and rear, and an extra-large wheelbase for taming rough terrain. The best ones combine with the latest technology acquired from racing machinery and are capable of negotiating any backwoods road or footpath. Not surprisingly, their success was not lost on bicycle manufacturers. Schwinn last year brought out the Nong-Song, a ten-speed utility, off-road

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FROM THE BACK COVER

Man At His Best

selling for \$269.95. How has just launched its own speed-Domino Cruiser at \$259.95. But for the rider who has to have the best, a custom-tailored bike is still the way to go.

Gary Fisher of Ratchet MountainBikes in San Anselmo, California, was, as it happens, a pioneer in this form of two-wheeling. He began when he earned his 1957 Schwinn Excelsior-X into a five speed by bolting on a tandem drum brake. Since 1977 Fisher and frame builder Tom Rostky, out of their own shop for a better and like, have been building their own. And doing a brisk business with machines costing \$1,500.

That kind of money buys an off-roader's dream: twenty-eight to thirty pounds on a frame of choice, only steers a little larger, stronger than the traditional bike—with

twenty-six-inch aluminum balloon tires and eighteen wide-ranging speeds, constant center-brakes, easy-to-grip handlebars, handlebars, handlebars, a quick-release anti-pinch clamp that lets you vary the height of the saddle—rather for pedaling power in climbing, lower for downhill control.

MountainBike's customers are demographic bodepods from all over the country. Typical, though, are the growing number of cyclists who—discontented with balancing on a ten speed's narrow racing saddle while hunched over its dropped handlebars—appreciate the bike's stability and upright riding position. And like the old choppers, it's tough enough to handle a lot of abuse—maybe even an ugly joke and come out the other side intact. ●



body's on the spot. Elizabeth, who feels like she's up for auction, and everyone else, since they're obliged to respond to her in their own way. Besides, if you tell her a secret, maybe she'll tell you one, too.

Don't compare her with other women. Recently factious is the "I always thought my wife had the best legs, breasts, legs at all, but yours are terrific." No one who reads this magazine would consider such a comment but even a wily whisperer "You're the most beautiful woman in the room" (late afternoon) is fraught with problems. Because women, like men, require a lot of living before they can accept being they track up against "the competition." It doesn't help if you convey that you, too, are going her up to that way.

So far we've been talking about looks, which, as we all know, are not everything but are the main thing men think of when he wants to tell a woman she attracts him. A woman hopes for enthusiastic acknowledgment of other qualities as well: lasting attributes like humor, intelligence, generosity or a spark of adventure, accomplishments like raising reasonably contented children, writing a symphony, doing a deed or acquiring an accurate forehead, and the ineffable—her

appeal for life, her ability to tune in to others, her sense of the ridiculous. These, more than her close skin or beautiful eyes, are what will carry her through and are probably what she's proudest of. She'll like it if you are too.

Once I went sailing with a man I liked a lot but didn't know too well. I didn't know sailing too well, either, and ten seconds into our afternoon on the water I was hopping about the boat, basting up the centerboard, anything last, pulling in the sheets—all to his instructions—as we made our way out from the mooring. Somehow we got to close water without mishap. "Hey, you are fantastic!" he yelled. Well, it was really nice. I hadn't even been a job racking beam, but suddenly I liked the job, and him even more.

One last general principle to be mentioned: It's best not to be overdone in your praise. No one really wants to be automatically adored. It's appreciation we're after. Just knowing that nobody shares as completely for granted.

Beyond that, she's nothing to be gained by suggesting exactly what you should say. The moment dictates the choice of words, the poetry lies in how you say it, the romance is in the response. Keeping it is done with secret reward, the art of the compliment is worth cultivating. —Priscilla Flood

WHAT EVERY MAN

SHOULD KNOW

How to

Compliment a Woman

You'd think it would be easy. And yet, in recent years, it has sometimes seemed as if the well-meaning, sincerely delivered compliment had gone the way of a dozen long-sleeved roses, being on getting to the basics of relations between the sexes, men and women like forget the gallantry of the spines' note. It was too bad, really. After all, a kind phone to not a sweet nothing, it can smooth the way of a new love, keep a mate's one from going stale, and generally contribute to civility. So when you compliment a woman, you should notice that it's a significant act.

Which is not to say that one should be dogged about it. Spontaneity is the key. Saying what comes to mind is always preferable to making something up, peering at it in your head, and consciously working

on delivery. But you shouldn't be afraid either. Forthright is best. A man I know once and some, "know guys aren't supposed to say things like this anymore, but you just really enjoy in that dress." Now, it was aimed to the waistband, but his attempt to appear feminist contravened number one (Thou Shalt Not Treat a Woman as Sex Object) was answered. Instead of simply saying thanks, I felt I had to reassure him, which was silly since this was a man of considerable aplomb. So, no need to scuff your feet. Come right out with it.

Another principle to remember. Tell her, not the whole world. Imagine this scene: At a party, a woman's well-meaning smile turns to a rosy glow of pleasure, a grateful, surprised, "Doesn't Elizabeth look beautiful tonight?" Every-

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THE CATALOG OF DECAY

that follows is merely a list of the average ravages, most of which will let you sooner or later but some of which you may escape. The victim is a hypothetical American man—say, who works in an office, gets a little exercise, has no serious vices, and doesn't dabble in such exotics as macrobiotic diets or vegetarianism. At thirty he's not a bad specimen. A little plumper than he used to be, a little slower, a little baldier, yet swifter than ever. Still, his body has just passed its peak. It has started dying a little every day, losing about one percent of its functional capacity every year. Cells are disappearing, tissues are stiffening, chemical reactions are slowing down. By seventy his body temperatures will be two degrees lower. He will stand as much as an shorter and have longer ears.

No one understands why. The most appealing theory for why we degenerate as we get older was offered in an eighteenth-century treatise called *Morphaeae Antiquitatis*. Or, *The Sacred Strength over Old Age and the Great Whore, Who, as It Is Said, Leads Down for Destroying the Vigour of Men, Including a Commentary upon an Ancient Inscription, in Which This Great Secret Is Revealed, Supported by Numerous Authorities*. A man aged, according to this theory, because he lost vital particles every time he cohabited. The Great Secret—how to find a new source of particles—was revealed by the discovery of a tomb whose occupant had lived to 115. The fellow was aged to live so long, according to the tomb's inscription, with the aid of this BRILLIANT WOMAN, WOMAN. Today's physicians advise paying.

"Exercise will make you feel fitter, but there's no good evidence that it will make you live longer," says Dr. Jordan Lohm of the National Institute on Aging. The same goes for practically every other precaution. Because scientists don't know what causes cells to break down with age, they can't say that anything causes longevity. They can only note that certain types of men age better—those who have long-lived parents, a satisfying job, and plenty of money. Married men tend to outlive bachelors, with one notable exception: if you look at a chart comparing the average life expectancy of men according to their occupations, it turns out that the best job may well be sage (or at least cardinal). Of course, worrying about statistics like these will only hasten the aging process. So your best strategy may simply be to relax, hope that you have the right genes, and accept peacefully the indignities as they occur. You might also consider taking afternoon naps. They don't seem to have hurt Mr. Reagan. □



30 In most ways he is in his prime—the tall, flat, average-sized the scientist he's never been. And yet he can see the first lines on his forehead. He can't hear quite as well as he could. His skull's circumference has even started swelling. And his digestion isn't just begun.



40 He's on crotch of an inch shorter than he was ten years ago, and each hair follicle has thinned two microns, but not everything's shrinking. His white and black are hollowing. All over, he's begun to feel the weight of his skin—like a coat of dirty, greasy silk.



50 His eyes have begun to drift late, peripherally at their range. He notices quick changes in color when he sees them, but not everything's shrinking. His white and black are hollowing. All over, he's begun to feel the weight of his skin—like a coat of dirty, greasy silk.



60 By now he has about a full three quarters of an inch he has trouble telling certain colors apart, trouble distinguishing between them. Trouble making distinctions among the different foods he eats. His lungs take about half what they could thirty years ago.



70 His heart is pumping less blood. His hearing is worse. His vision is weaker. His skin is made of thin fat, and the collagen he'll lose another eleven years. And if he has the right skin side, he will look back with awe at the wonders that have made him what he is. Because



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THE AGING BODY

Skin

A middle-aged man makes his own wrinkles: the lines on his face are drawn from repeated facial expressions, which is why the eyes have more furrows on their brows. But as old men's wringing torments automatically—the inside of his skin loses water, and nearby molecules bind to one another, making for a stiffer, less elastic skin structure. Meanwhile, the skin itself thins and spreads out, much like a piece of dough that's been stretched. The result is a baggy suit, with the skin too large for the body. This is especially troublesome in places like the jaw, where the bone is shrinking as the skin is expanding.

Age 30: Lines are furrowed into grooves.

Age 40: Lines from other facial expressions show up, especially crow's-feet (from squinting) and arcs linking the nostrils to the sides of the mouth (from smiling).

Age 50: Lines are more pronounced, skin begins to loosen and sag in the middle of the cheek.

Age 60: Excess skin and fat deposits rich bags under the eyes.

Age 70: Face wrinkles everywhere, skin is rougher and has lost its uniform color—he can see a variety of shades in his face.

Eyes

The lens of the eye steadily hardens throughout life and begins to cause problems for a man in his early forties. By then the lens is too big for the eye muscles to focus properly on close objects. Eventually this can cause cataracts, but the odds are that our man will die before that happens. The amount of light reaching the retina steadily declines with age (perhaps because the pupil shrinks), which means that our man will have trouble seeing in the dark; he will need especially bright light to read.

Age 30: 20/20 vision, needs no glasses.

Age 40: 20/20 for distance vision, but needs glasses to read; a less elastic eye lens makes him more sensitive to glare; his depth perception is beginning to get worse.

Age 50: 20/25 vision; a less elastic, yellower lens filters out some short-wave wavelengths of light, making it harder for him to distinguish between blues and greens.

Age 70: 20/30 vision; peripheral vision is diminished; night vision is worse, and his eyes take longer to adjust to the dark.



Height

A man is able to withstand gravity only so long. As his muscles weaken, his back sags. And as the discs between the bones of his spine deteriorate, those bones move closer together. The result: The man's height steadily shrinks with age.

Age 20: 5'10"

Age 40: 5'9 1/2"

Age 50: 5'9"

Age 60: 5'8 1/2"

Age 70: 5'8"



Weight

He loses a bit of his body each day, yet the body just gets bigger. The reason is fat. He's not burning up enough food—both because he's not as active as he used to be and because his basal metabolism (the rate at which the resting body converts food into energy) is slowing down about 3 percent every decade. So while muscle and other tissues in dying, accumulated fat is taking up more of his body. That's the case until middle age, after which his weight levels off and then slowly declines; he starts losing more tissue than he gains in fat.

Age 20: 165 pounds, 15% of it fat

Age 30: 175 pounds

Age 40: 182 pounds

Age 50: 184 pounds

Age 60: 184 pounds

Age 70: 178 pounds, 30% of it fat

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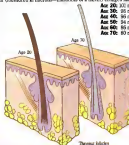
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THE AGING BODY

Hair

Men actually do get hairier with age, but, alas, not where it does them good. Hair grows in the curls, in the forelocks, and sometimes on the back. Eyebrow hairs tend to get longer and more noticeable. As for the top of the head, there are different hormones at work. Balding usually begins at the temples, producing a widow's peak that recedes with age. Next in is the monk's spot, that circle on the back of the head—it keeps growing until it meets the receding widow's peak, leaving the top of the head bare. Men bald at different rates, of course, and some never bald at all. Still, if our cur is going to bald, he will—no amount of scalp massaging will help. Although there are marked differences among men in the rate at which hair falls out or turns gray, there does seem to be a consistent pattern in the way individual hairs thin. A man's hairs are thickest at about twenty, after that each hair thins, and by seventy his hairs are as fine as they were when he was a baby. The diameter of a single hair (measured in microns—millionths of a meter) changes like this:

Age 20: 100 microns
Age 30: 85 microns
Age 40: 65 microns
Age 50: 54 microns
Age 60: 46 microns
Age 70: 40 microns



Muscles and Strength

At thirty, about seventy of his 175 pounds are muscle. Over the next four decades he loses not pounds of that muscle as cells stop reproducing and die. His shoulders narrow as such. Connective tissue replaces fiber, making his muscles to become stiffer and to tense, relax, and heal more slowly. The remaining muscle grows weaker as the fiber becomes frayed, jammed, and rolled with deposits of waste material. His strength peaks at about thirty and then steadily diminishes. The muscle in his hands performs as follows, as measured by the amount of force that can be exerted by the right (of both his dominant hand) and left grip:

Right Hand	Left Hand
Age 30: 39 pounds	64 pounds
Age 40: 37 pounds	62 pounds
Age 50: 32 pounds	53 pounds
Age 60: 26 pounds	48 pounds
Age 70: 20 pounds	42 pounds

Nails

Agile coils grow more slowly, which makes for easy grooming, but weathered nails, measured in millimeters per week, lose dramatic growth:

Age 30: 0.94 millimeters

Age 40: 0.83 millimeters

Age 50: 0.77 millimeters

Age 60: 0.71 millimeters

Age 70: 0.60 millimeters

Stamina

The weakening of our men's heart, lungs, and muscles means that there's less oxygen coming in and that the heart is slower in dispatching it through the bloodstream to the muscles. A healthy seventy-year-old man can still run a marathon if he trains properly, but it will take less at least an hour longer than it did at thirty. The best measure of our man's limits in the work rate, which measures how many pounds he can turn with a weighted crank in a minute and still have his heartbeat return to normal after two minutes of rest:

Age 30: 1,118 pounds
Age 40: 1,028 pounds
Age 50: 950 pounds
Age 60: 875 pounds
Age 70: 800 pounds

Flab

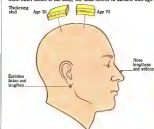
With increased weight comes flab—or, to be precise, an increased subcutaneous adipose, which is the layer under the skin. This skinfold, measured by pinching the skin beneath the shoulder blade and determining the distance the skin can be stretched, is twelve millimeters wide at age twenty, fourteen millimeters at thirty, and means about sixteen millimeters at forty. Unfortunately the flab also extends below the shoulder—conspicuously to the waist and chest.

	Waist	Chest
Age 20:	33 inches	38 inches
Age 30:	36 inches	38 inches
Age 40:	39 inches	40 inches
Age 50:	40 inches	41 inches
Age 60:	39 inches	41 inches
Age 70:	38 inches	41 inches

THE AGING BODY

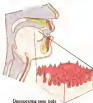
Head

His features become more distinguished, which is a kind way of saying that they get bigger. Because of the cartilage that begins to accumulate after age thirty, by the time he is seventy his nose has grown a half inch wider and another half inch longer, his earlobes have fattened, and his ears themselves have grown a quarter inch longer. Overall, his head's circumference increases a quarter inch every decade, and not because of his brain, which is shrinking. His head is flatter, apparently, unlike most other bones in the body, the skull seems to thicken with age.



Mouth

He tastes less. When he's thirty, each tiny elevation on his tongue (called a papilla) has 245 taste buds. By the time he's seventy, each has only eighty-eight left. His mouth gets drier as the mucous membrane secretes less. His voice begins to quaver, apparently because he loses some control over his vocal cords. He talks more slowly, and his pitch rises as the cords stiffen and vibrate at a higher frequency; after fifty his speaking voice rises about 25 hertz (cycles per second), from a C to an E-flat (in the octave below middle C).



Reflexes

His reflexes slow down, for which his brain is probably more guilty than his nerves. The speed at which signals travel along his nerve fibers declines only 2 percent each decade, which is a relatively minor deterioration compared with other changes in the body. The real slowdown happens because the brain takes longer to process information, make decisions, and dispatch signals. If a man looking at numbers flashing on a screen is told to press a button whenever he sees two consecutive even or odd numbers, this is how long it takes him to react:

Age 30: 0.85 seconds
Age 50: 0.90 seconds
Age 60: 0.92 seconds
Age 70: 0.95 seconds

Teeth

Eating slowly flies down a tooth, but not enough to make any significant difference to anyone under the age of two hundred. The problem is keeping the tooth, and it is one problem a man can control. Despite the fact that the amount of enamel on the surface will decrease with age and the wear of dentin underneath will become more pronounced, most teeth and gum decay is a result of neglect and disease. The average seventy-year-old man today has lost a third of his teeth, because of fluoridated water and better dental care, his descendants should fare better.

Age 30: 2 to 4 teeth missing
Age 50: 7 teeth missing
Age 60: 8 teeth missing
Age 70: 10 teeth missing



THE AGING BODY

Heart

His racing heartbeat starts about the same of his life, but the heart gets weaker as his heart muscle deteriorates. As a result, his aged heart pumps less blood with each beat. The decline in blood flow is more marked during exercise, because his pulse can no longer rise as high as it used to.

BLOOD PUMPED BY THE BEATING HEART

Age 30: 3.4 quarts per minute
Age 40: 3.4 quarts per minute
Age 50: 3.2 quarts per minute
Age 60: 2.9 quarts per minute
Age 70: 2.4 quarts per minute

Heart disease is the most common cause of death in men over forty years old and is responsible for more than half the deaths of men over sixty. As the level of cholesterol in the blood increases with age, the cholesterol accumulates on the artery walls, which are themselves thickening. The net effect is to clog the arteries, increasing the pressure of the blood against the artery walls, which in turn forces the heart to work harder to pump blood and raises strokes and heart attacks more likely.

Age 20: 180 milligrams cholesterol, 122/76 blood pressure
Age 30: 200, 123/76
Age 40: 230, 126/81
Age 50: 230, 126/83
Age 60: 230, 140/83
Age 70: 225, 145/81



Ears

Over the years, things like a good stereo just don't seem as important anymore—a man can't hear the highest notes as exactly low and they're reproduced. A child can hear sounds reaching as high as 20,000 hertz, but in early adulthood the range starts decreasing. This seems to be a direct result of a breakdown of cells in the ear, the organ in the inner ear that transforms the vibrations picked up by the outer ear into nerve impulses, as well as of deteriorating nerve fibers. Fortunately, hearing deteriorates least in the range of everyday human speech (below 4,000 hertz)—the average old man can hear conversations fairly well. To the young, an old man often seems deaf, but he really is simply because he's not paying attention (perhaps with very good reason).

Age 30: Has trouble hearing above 25,000 hertz (a cricket's chirp)
Age 50: Can't hear above 12,000 hertz (a "silent" dog whistle)
Age 60: Can't hear above 10,000 hertz (upper range of a violin's singing)
Age 70: Misses some words in normal conversation; can't hear above 6,000 hertz (high notes on a pipe organ)

Kidneys

At seventy his kidney can filter waste out of blood only half as fast as it could when he was thirty. His also has to urinate more frequently because his bladder's capacity declines from two quarts in age thirty to one quart at seventy.



Sex

By seventy he has found new activities for the midlife, and he's all but stopped daydreaming about sex. Just why a man's sex drive declines is unclear—lower levels of sex hormones may be a factor, but psychological changes and the general loss of vitality in the body are probably more important. With age, the testes sag and the penis takes longer to become erect, longer to reach orgasm, longer to recover. The orgasm itself is shorter.

Angle of Erection
Age 20: 30° above horizontal
Age 30: 30° above horizontal
Age 40: Slightly above horizontal
Age 50: Slightly below horizontal
Age 70: 45° below horizontal

Frequency of Ejaculation with Erection
Age 20: 6 ejaculations per month
Age 30: 7 ejaculations per month
Age 50: 5 ejaculations per month
Age 70: 2 ejaculations per month

Frequency of Diseases with Erection
Age 20: 204 per year (42 sets)
Age 30: 121 per year (24 sets)
Age 40: 54 per year (18 sets)
Age 50: 34 per year (12 sets)
Age 60: 25 per year (8 sets)
Age 70: 22 per year (6 sets)

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Now for the Good News...

No one ever wished to be younger," said Jonathan Swift, and some gerontologists today might even agree with him. There's no denying that a seventy-year-old body doesn't work as well as it once did, but it's a nice truth that people's years of aging are greater than they should be. In the course of chronicling decay, researchers have come up with some reassuring findings:

□ A man becomes less sensitive to pain after the age of sixty. It takes longer for an old man to notice a disturbing stimulus, thus he can endure greater levels of pain without complaining. This is probably due to the degeneration of his nerve fibers and to the decline in the central nervous system's ability to process sensory information.

□ A man sweats less with age; his sweat glands gradually begin drying up.

□ Fat isn't as bad as they say—it may even be good for you. Because that people have always been taught to eat the obese, doctors have urged patients to conform to a chart of "desirable weight," 15 percent lighter than the man's average. Yet recent studies show that a man ten to twenty pounds above the desirable weight is likely to survive the various risks that follow the chart. "There clearly is something strange going on," says Dr. Reuben Andres of the National Institute on Aging. It could be that the mildly overweight have more reserve capacity to survive illnesses, but we can't know for sure.

□ Until the age of sixty-five, a smoker is at least twice as likely as a nonsmoker to suffer a heart attack, but after sixty-five, the odds change. The risks are about even for nonsmokers and for men who smoke less than a pack a day. And a man who smokes more than a pack a day is three times less likely than a nonsmoker to have a heart attack. That doesn't mean you should take up smoking in your old age, only that a heavy smoker who survives past sixty-five is a lucky fellow.

□ An ungrazed youth may be able to lose his glasses when he reaches middle age. The thickening of his eyes' lenses causes nearsightedness.

□ It may be only a small victory in the battle of the sexes, but a man's skin ages about ten years slower than a woman's—but skin has more oil, so it's slower to dry out. Shaving also helps. The self-creeping of a razor strips away dead skin and leaves the face smoother. It's not unlike depilation, a beauty treatment that skin specialists frequently advocate to women with more elaborate instruments.

□ A man's sexual decline isn't usually traumatic. When Clyde Martin, one of the authors of the Kinsey report, asked doctors how they'd react to the discovery of a wife that could restore their youthful sexual vigor, most said they wouldn't bother taking it. Martin found that men who were most sexually active in their youth showed the least decline in activity during old age; it was the less active men who dropped off most drastically and brought down the average. The conclusion: Old men can continue with sex if they're interested (most men in their seventies can still produce sperm); it's just that most of them aren't. "They bow out gracefully," reported Martin. "They have other interests." Or, as an aged Sophocles said when he was asked about his love life, "Peace, most gladly have I escaped the thing of which poets speak, I find as if I had escaped from a mad and furious monster."

□ If a man reaches seventy, the odds are that he'll live to see eighty. Diseases work far more heavily than overall aging. Previously, a healthy seventy-year-old has more in common with a healthy thirty-year-old than he does with an 81-year-old of his own age. Seventy is the average life expectancy for a man, but that's only because accidents and disorders kill so many before then. A man who survives until his seventieth birthday, according to actuarial tables, will live eleven more years.

THE AGING BODY

Brain

His brain shrinks as it loses a billion of neurons. The cell loss varies in different parts of the brain—the region that controls hand posture, for instance, doesn't seem to lose any, while the region that controls sleep stages is hit especially hard (which helps explain why he sleeps about two hours less at night). IQ tests are, my researchers, thus less accurate declines. In order to make the average IQ at every age be 100, the test scores are automatically adjusted according to age. If these adjustments weren't made, the average score would be:

Age 20: 110 Age 50: 100

Age 30: 111 Age 60: 95

Age 40: 106 Age 70: 83



Shrinking brain

That may only mean that old people are out of practice at using unconditioned tests, beyond that, a slight loss of memory is probably the most noticeable change after fifty, though even that is more a matter of likely retrieval than of lost information. If an old man and a young man each try to memorize a list of words and then are given cues to each of the words, the old man recalls them as well as the young man. But without clues, the old man has a harder time remembering what was on the list.

Age 20: 41 of 54 words recalled

Age 30: 35 words recalled

Age 40: 31 words recalled

Age 50: 30 words recalled

Age 60: 29 words recalled

Age 70: 27 words recalled



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Can Youth Spring Eternal?

The more retentive question might be "Can aging be slowed?" and, as you would expect, there are two schools of thought about that. Those scientists who believe that an inner clock automatically shuts down each cell at a predetermined time strongly suggest that it's impossible to lengthen the life-span critically. The less deterministically inclined think that a cell dies because of gradual processes that wear it down and that therefore man has the power to somehow slow the decay. They just haven't figured out how.

All of which means that science offers little help in your quest for eternal life. But whether or not you can ever escape the life cell lives, you can certainly make their stay in your body more comfortable by following these simple health guidelines.

—**Exercise:** Studies show that regular exercisers outlive those sedentary peers. But it's a chicken-and-egg problem. Are they healthy because they exercise, or do they exercise because they're healthy to begin with? A recent study found that monkeys reduce their risk of heart disease if they work out on a treadmill regularly. This wasn't shocking proof—monkeys aren't men—but it was probably the most compelling evidence yet for the life-lengthening advantages of exercise. And even if exercise doesn't actually prolong life, it goddarns other ailments—stronger muscles, less fat, stronger lungs, better circulation—worth striving to in their own right.

—**Sun:** Unless you're a nudist, a man's youthful-looking skin is on his backbones. That's because exposure to the sun's ultraviolet rays roughly doubles the base normal aging wrinkles. Protecting your skin from the sun with high-quality tanning drying and salicylates, and keep you avoid brown "age spots" or "liver spots," which can be signs of overexposed skin.

—**Beer:** It's probably a good idea to go easy on licks, but nobody really knows what makes the ideal drink. The fact that life expectancy is almost the same in Japan, France, and the United States suggests that wildly different diets can produce similar results. The old rule probably still applies: Keep your food very balanced, and limit your vegetable intake.

—**Tobacco:** It should be avoided, of course. A cigarette smoker's lung capacity is usually equal to that of a nonsmoker's in his thirties, years later.

—**Alcohol:** Surprisingly, it's probably better to drink a little than not at all. A recent study found mortality 50 percent higher among both nondrinkers and heavy drinkers (there is five drinks a day) than among light drinkers (one or two drinks a day). Apparently, moderate amounts of alcohol increase the blood's supply of high-density lipoprotein, which in turn reduces the risk of heart disease.

—**Vitamin:** As you age, your stomach takes longer to digest food, but that doesn't really matter. The body can still extract all the nutrients it wants, and a seventy-year-old man who eats a balanced diet shouldn't require any special vitamin supplements. Some gerontologists think we should take extra vitamin E because it stops "free radicals," which the doctors believe cause aging, iron forming. But leading gerontologist Dr. Nathan Shock, among others, doesn't think much of this advice: "Taking vitamins E probably won't hurt you," says Shock. "But the main effect is probably just going to be an increase in the profits of the pharmaceutical companies."

For now, there are few other reliable pieces of advice. When asked for any great secrets to be gleaned from all the studies of the aging process, Dr. Jordan Tolo of the National Institute on Aging turns his palms heavenward. "I guess the best general rule is to give your moderation in the way you live," he says. "Well, it's probably a good idea not to let yourself get extremely overweight. Don't drink and drive. And wear seat belts."

THE AGING BODY

Lungs As the muscles that operate the lungs weaken and the tissues in the chest cage stiffen, the lungs can't expand the way they used to. A deep breath isn't as deep as it once was. The maximum amount of air he can take into his lungs:

Age 30: 6.0 quarts
Age 40: 5.4 quarts
Age 50: 4.8 quarts
Age 60: 3.6 quarts
Age 70: 3.0 quarts

Bones and Joints

His bones lose calcium. That's bad for the bones and also for the nearby blood vessels, where the lost calcium can accumulate, clogging up the vessels. His bones become more brittle and slower to heal. Relatively few men suffer rheumatoid arthritis, but after sixty, chances are good that our men will develop a less serious condition called degenerative arthritis. Years of living have worn down and loosened cartilage around the joints; the presence of this waxy cartilage, coupled with depleted lubricating fluid in the joints, causes for a slower-moving, stiffer man. Movement is further restricted by ligaments that contract and harden with age. The hardened ligaments are more liable to tear.



Lamellar cartilage

by David Bradley

Black and American, 1982

There are no good times to be black in America, but some times are worse than others

I

AM A BLACK.

The description may seem a little colorless, it used to seem that way to me—so much so that I spent a lot of time trying to pump a little Technicolor into it. Which is not to say I wanted not to be black. What I wanted was to be something else besides.

For somehow I had gotten the idea that I had within me attributes and talents that could produce many colorful effects, and that the measure of my success as a person would be the extent to which I could bring my internal pigments together to create a multicolored personality that would be visible to the world outside. Perhaps because I was raised on Sunday school diction and Bible verses, I thought I had a little light and that I ought to let it shine before men. The notion was naive, silly, and quaint; I have given it up.

I suppose I still believe that there is a place in space or time where the pigmentation of my skin might be of only incidental relevance—where it

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PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY HALL

Social programs of the 1960s may have spawned an increase in educational opportunities for blacks, but they have not, asserts the author, altered the separatist tenor of our society. Full and functioning integration remains a liberal ideal; blacks are not mainstream Americans.

would be possible to give a totally meaningful description of who I am and what I've done without using the word black at all. But I have abandoned the belief that somewhere or somewhere will turn out to be true and new.

So, for all practical purposes, I accept a belief that I have taken to calling achievement from the Greek *akro*, meaning "not," and *diastema*, meaning "space," which is that within the context of the society in which I belong by birth—or was fortunate—at birth, nothing I shall ever accomplish or discover or earn or inherit or buy or sell or give away—nothing I can ever do—will outweigh the fact of my race in determining my destiny.

I am still not happy with achievement, polymathism, for a long time, and thinking you are capable of transcending in being color is a hard habit to kick. Still, I am discovering some advantages in my new belief. For one thing, once you recognize that the eyes of society are like the eyes of dogs, seeing only black and white, you begin to see the world outside in the same way it sees you: plain, simple, uncomplicated. There are still a few advantages—light and shadows, shades of gray—but they are not as bewildering as to colored the truth.

directed against them, thus teaching, praying, and singing "We Shall Overcome," and the loss of international face caused by the worldwide news coverage of these events.

To correct the problem, the liberals constructed a political machine that crinkled out "social progress"—welfare programs intended to compensate for inequalities in the wealth-distribution system, anti-segregation programs, provided

been named a Presidential Scholar, one of the 123 most outstanding high school seniors of 1960, and given an all-expenses-paid trip to Washington to receive a medal from Lyndon B. Johnson, whose public relations people were trying to convince everybody that he was doing for the "disadvantaged" what Lincoln did for people, starting with the same measured amount of truth, had convinced everybody that Lincoln had done the slaves.

I did not understand what was happening.

I thought Ed did. I knew about the Civil Rights Act and the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission and affirmative action, and I had no great difficulty figuring out that all the things that were happening to me were happening not because I deserved them or even because I was lucky, but because someone's purposes were being served by having them happen. I had noticed that the University of Pennsylvania's student body was embarrassingly lacking in "ethnic diversification"—meaning they had too few blacks there that it looked like the Alabama state legislature. I understood that my scholarship from the National Merit Scholarship Corporation was not a National Merit Scholarship but something else, called a National Achievement Scholarship—which is reserved for blacks. And I had

coined up the Blacks among the Presidential Scholars and found that we constituted almost exactly 31 percent, a proportion that, given educational success, seemed highly unlikely. Let's be realistic, might have made the conceptual leap to admission right then and there.

But I was not lost to myself. The liberals had public relations people who were better at the answers and almost as good as Lincoln's. They had me convinced that the purposes being served were high moral ones—that those in high places were determined to bring about change in the very way and wool of the American social fabric, both material and spiritual. I had seen all the exploitation and repression visited on blacks throughout American history, by showing wealth and opportunity upon those blacks who were still nice and young enough to accept them, that even though I had seen earned my rewards, "somebody" by dint of suffering and hard labor, had earned them, and that that "somebody" would continue any receiving them as a confirmation that his sacrifice and suffering had been worthwhile. I still might have stumbled on the truth had I actually played one along the road of "somebody." They did not. Because "somebody" was my father. And he told me it was true.

The lives of my father and me seemed, by affirmative action in its many forms, to compensate for the biases in the opportunity distribution system. By 1967, all these programs were in place, ready to crank out people like me.

In the fall of 1967, I was a good but not exceptional student in a medium-sized high school in an obscure small town, president of the chess, captain of football, most likely to become the child of a family with middle-class values and poverty-line finances. It was nothing to be ashamed of, but it was not the sort of background that brings one high achievement. My ambition was to be a writer, my local reputation was four years in a state school's college and a career in a high school head teacher and basketball coach.

But that fall I took the Scholastic Aptitude Test and the National Merit Scholarship Qualifying Test. I scored high on both, more important, I checked the little box that identified me as a member of a "minority group" thereby making my destiny a matter of concern for the liberal guardians of equal opportunity.

Nothing I shall ever accomplish will outweigh the fact of my race in the shaping of my destiny.

I WAS BORN IN 1950. SINCE I AM A black, this fact means that no matter what has happened to me, it has happened because I was a digit in the computer of the Great Society.

A black born in 1950 came of age during what I have come to call the Years of the Black, that fascinating epoch when power was held by people—old-time liberals—whose eyes were trained to see the color of the nose superiority implied by the notion that America was and always had been a shining example of economic and social equality, and who were therefore highly dismissive by attitudes of past injustices and evidence of gross inequities were basically wealthy and therefore saw nothing odd about paying huge amounts of money to conceal evidence of a scandalous past or present.

The liberals were shocked and embarrassed by the events of 1962 and 1964, the violent reactions of some southerners to the modest and eminently rational (in terms of America's major interests) demands of the nonviolent civil rights movement; the approval of that reaction implied by the rhetoric of the liberals' own political party to assist a racially neutral Mississippi delegation in lieu of a white one; and the actions of northern blacks who seemed to feel that violence directed against property was a more fitting protest to violence

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ments manifested in Afro-American Culture, called DuBois College House. There, on the evening of the 1968-69 Christmas party, several students had been observed to have consumed entire glasses of potent "Wagner, Wagner, Wagner." It was followed by a "Wagner, Wagner, Wagner" number which was an unconscious call that threatened the life of a professor from Northwestern University who was staying at DuBois. In another, the receptionist was asked to describe her feelings about "dead niggers." There were two more calls on Tuesday the twenty-seventh, one of them a hoarse wail that, after a search had personally ascertained its non-

I know so much of the university's history by now, says the professor, that I know that the school was the brainchild of an evangelist named George Wunsford, who had intended it to comprise a "dearly school" and a separate, but possibly equal, "free school." That the money never was forthcoming for the latter, but that the efforts of Benjamin Franklin had resulted in the opening, in 1748, of the former, with two minority students in the first class—both of them Mohawk Indians who could not speak English. That that admissions policy reflected the beliefs of the illustrious Founder, who, in 1755, penned an essay on:

And while we are, as I may call it, scouring our Planet, by closing America of Woods, and so making this Side of our Globe reflect a fragrant Light on the Eyes of Inhabitants in Mars or Venus: who should we in the Sight of Superior Spirits, debar the People? Why remove the Sons of Africa by Planting them in America, where we have so far in Opportunity, by excluding all Blacks and Theories, of increasing the lovely White and Red?

That the first blacks were not admitted until the university had been in business for 130 years, and that even then their experience was less than comfortable—witness that of William Edward Burghardt DuBois himself, who, having been appointed to teach at the university in 1895, was effectively barred by his colleagues from doing so.

And it's too clear a reification of the results of past rallies, held during key undergraduate days, when liberal sentiments had forced the university to increase drastically the admission of blacks and had caused a number of whites to leave the black dormitory to demand a full or black presence in university life. As a result of rallies we get caricatures: a "black literature" and "black history" and a special black center for black students, and a black cultural center—what later evolved into DeRousse House. That cultural center was a subtle rebuke of what the university thought black culture was: a rutting, white-washed house on what was at first

the ether edge of campus and what later became the specter of a good deal of use, reachable from the main part of the campus by way of a scramble up a muddy bank. And that summer, while he worked for the dean of admissions, did not have his office in the broadloom-carpeted precincts of the Admissions Office but in a lean-to

And all those new courses did was exempt the departments from the unsettling necessity of sharing existing ones, so that they could go right on advertising (as they did in the 1950-52 syllabus) a course in "American" fiction that explicitly includes "Hawthorne, Clemens, James, Wharton, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and Faulkner" and implicitly excludes Cheever.

thereon. Richard Wright, and Ralph Ellison's course in "American" poetry including Whitman, Dickinson, Frost, Pound, Eliot, Stevens, Williams, Moore, Lowell, Keats, and Plath" and apparently not including Dunbar, Hughes, Toomer, Gwendolyn Brooks, or Sterling Brown, a course in American economic history by referring to the "political economy of slavery," never mind the fiscal economy, and a course in the history of American urbanization "with special emphasis on the role played by industrialization and immigration," never mind real estate law and the Great Migration.

I know, how little the university had changed. Just in October 1980, 83 percent of the university's black professional employees were classed either as second-class clerical or service (maintenance) workers out of 633 administrative administrators, only 50 were black; out of 2,897 faculty members, only 42 were black and such black faculty as have been hired have found it difficult to get tenure (64 percent of the northeast faculty had it, versus 38 percent of the black), and those who have gotten tenure have often given it up for a more hospitable climate in other places—surprising places, like Wyoming and North Carolina.

All of which implied that the university had no need to support strikes against racism, all it needed to do was stop practicing it.

I was famous at my friends on the steering committee because among them I could see no blacks—although, despite the highly touted effects of sexism, most of them were women—and because of the messages that lurked between the lines of their fine specifics: Cooper's implication that racism was not cause enough to be concerned—there had to be a threat against homosexuals and Jews, too, or Lebow's suggestion that the university itself was not racist and that it was somehow better than society instead of being, as it is, a representative of it, or Semmelweis's self-absorbed assertion that when Jewish students came, it was the liberals who pay and not those whose causes have been forgotten.

It was, it seemed to me, Elrich who had been closest to the mark: that when thousand or so people strolled five blocks on a sunny afternoon (at a time when they would not lose any pay) and listened to some speeches and sang a golden ode, they were showing just exactly how much they cared.

But as I sat there sipping my gin and tonic, trying to keep my fury from showing, I realized that what was really making me angry was not. For I had expected something better, expected it just because I'd had my little light shining away for all those years—at the university longer than anywhere else—and that was supposed to matter. I saw then that it did not matter. But I still thought it should.



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PHILIA. THE LIBERALS WITNESSED THEIR rally, the events were at a quiet, cheerless table at Dublin House. As I left the Rectory Club, I saw no lights shining, heard the muzzling of a few silent bell. I followed the route of the liberal rally as far as I could. When I got to the school, the audience had stood five-deep and among was now a corridor of police and a lot of black undergraduates looking small and young and vulnerable, shivering in a night-gown cold. There had been another bomb threat, but this time the preliminary search revealed a suspicious package. The one they had evacuated the building. This time president Hickey was out of town.

A lot of people seemed to be out of town—at least elsewhere. A couple of administrators were present, but not really as many as had spoken in the afternoon. Still, percentage-wise, they were. I think better than the folks who had lately nagged about what they believed deep in their hearts, none of them were present. Many were at home, of course. But home for a sizable proportion of them must have been up above Dublin, in the twenty-five story dormitories. Surely they could see the lights or hear the muzzling of the silent bell. But perhaps not. In any case, they did not come down. At least no one called out obscenities from the windows.

I stood below with those who had been ripped from their rooms by an unannounced phone call and a muzzling bell. Listening to them whispering about and worrying and fear, listening to them asking questions. Who is doing this? Why? How can we make them stop? One girl asked me what I was doing there. I said I was listening. "I know what you mean," she said. "I listen all the time now just waiting for somebody to call out 'wigger' or something. I listen harder for that than I do in class."

And then I realized that all that stuff about open doors and colors was a lot of traps. Oh, I had done my job. I kept the door open as they could come after. And they had done theirs. They came. But nothing we did could do anything to do with whether the door was opened or closed. And no matter how long we hung around in society's big front room, no matter how much time we spent, they could always get our attention with words—and it was always going to be some synonym of black. I stood there thinking that, watching many polychromatic hope fade like a sunset. Eventually, the broad squad opened up the doors of Dublin House and let those who still used their go back inside.

HER NAME IS ELISE

He is a bastard. His mother was not, as not, and probably never will be married to his father. He is a mongrel, not just once but twice: one parent a Irish-American and Catholic, one a Jewish and a black. I used to joke about this, calling him The

Little Bidding. But when his mother died in the year 2020, when he will be old enough to run for President, his divorce attorney begged will make him the focal point of the significant coalition in American history: the only question is whether it will elect a black man as president or long his from one. I do not joke about this anymore. Scotch just an indication of unexamined polychromatic thinking. Now I know that whatever happens to Jesse in 2020 will happen because The Pit is black. Perhaps he will be lucky and see the sooner that I did. In which case he may not have to spend the time I spent trying to work some color into my self-description. For one of the advantages of schizophrenia is that you realize that the only important thing in self-defenses. Schizophrenia does not imply that a black must cease to be an individual, just that he might as well forget about society's labeling it. Another, equally important advantage is that you have a much clearer view of history.

Now that I have accepted schizophrenia, I understand my historic relationship to my father. I once thought that at the point of our mutualizations at college, sheer force of circumstance had bent our lives into different lines. When he finished college, he worked for a black graduate school studying history under a professor who argued the class with Rastafarian after first making my father if he knew Rastafarian, eventually writing a thesis on the actions of the Republican Party during Reconstruction, carefully keeping in scope to the period before the election of 1876 and the agreement at Worcester's Hotel that gave the Presidency to the Republicans and the South back to the Klan. When I finished college, I got a scholarship and finished with a thesis on the actions of the Republican Party during Reconstruction, carefully keeping in scope to the period before the election of 1876 and the agreement at Worcester's Hotel that gave the Presidency to the Republicans and the South back to the Klan. When I finished college, I got a scholarship and finished with a thesis on the actions of the Republican Party during Reconstruction, carefully keeping in scope to the period before the election of 1876 and the agreement at Worcester's Hotel that gave the Presidency to the Republicans and the South back to the Klan. When I finished graduate school, he taught briefly at his alma mater but soon discovered that the only place for him to use his skills as a writer and an editor was within the church—he edited a church magazine and wrote one book on church history, published at his own expense. When I finished graduate school, I too taught briefly at my alma mater, but I also had a job in book publishing, and my two books were published commercially.

I now see that I was wrong, that our lives have always run along the same line: it is just not a straight line but one that meanders and falls like a saw wave. Only this time is a gradual function not of a racial relationship between sides and angles but of a social relationship between blacks and American society itself. Somewhere the line is on the positive side of the baseline, sometimes on the negative side. The effect is different, the function remains the same.

My father at one time knew that he had studied history. He saw the line carving

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upward during Reconstruction, turning down when the Republicans withdrew the troops from the South, ushering in the era of the grandfatherly classiest old Henry's Approach, up again during the Great Migration and the so-called Harlem Renaissance, down with the search on Washington that never was and the Harlem Riot, up again with King and the Civil Rights Act and the Voting Rights Act, starting down again with King's assassination and the resurgence of Nixon and the election of Jimmy Carter, who publicly regretted not having jumped on the civil rights bandwagon.

My father did not live to see it go down further, but he knew it would, and the day he died he carefully preserved his grandfather's freedom papers against a time of need. Now I treasure them. He kept them in a drawer. I keep them in a safe-deposit box.

For the downsizing is going deeper than even a lifting scheme could have imagined. Reagan's Attorney General is saying the courts have gone too far in ordering bailing to achieve desegregation and that the government should perhaps use employers who make aggressive attempts to bring racial balance to their ranks. Reagan's Treasury and Justice departments have suggested that two-earner status should once again be granted to parents who practice racial discrimination. Reagan, who wants to get tough with the Russians for actively opposing the Poles, wants to get soft on the South Africans. The United States is working on group Poles asylum, Vietnamese refugees, financial assistance, and Mexicans' "guest worker" status while concentrating Haitians in "detention centers" preparatory to packing them home. Across the land, universities are deciding that it is too expensive to give remedial help to those students who are unprepared for higher education. And good old Miss Wilcox of good old-fashioned CBS News-60 Minutes gets herself paid making what he calls a "passive racist remark" of an ethnic nature. It looks complicated if you are a politician. But not if you realize that everything comes down to black.

My father did. But he put the knowledge aside because he had me. When you have a child, I think, you do not want to see the track. Perhaps you cannot see it. Perhaps you do not dare. Perhaps if you do see it, you would have to do something. I shudder because of Jesus. I hope far from. But in this I am fortunate; Jesus is not my child, only a godchild. I hope far from. But I do not have to believe that this hope is for anything more than this: that by the time he comes of age, the graph of black will once again be on the upswing, that he will have, as I have had, a little love to gain some strength, some knowledge, some color to hold inside himself. For I believe that in all the hope there is. ☐



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44 THE OTHER NIGHT I MET A PERSON ON THE BUSINESS SIDE OF THIS BUSINESS WHO I DECIDED IT WOULD BE A REAL MEAT idea to get to know. So I went up to him with my 40-second single and said, 'You know, you know, and said, 'How ya doin'?'"

Phoebe Snow was throwing bubble gum and topping that Pepsi as an office at Atlantic Records. This was a little over a year ago, after her album *Book of Love* came out.

"He put his arm on my shoulder and said, 'May I be blunt with you?' I said 'Sure,' he said, 'Why don't you level with me? You know and I know that you had it all. You could have been the biggest thing since I don't know what. But you blew it. You killed it! What did you do that for?'"

"He said, 'Now, I've heard about you, we've all heard about you, we know you're very sick. So why don't you face facts—you're very mentally disturbed, am I right? You're, like, really nuts?' He was facing me, and I went, 'Look, who'd you there?' He turned, and I grabbed his head and smacked him on the ear. 'My daughter is severely brain injured, and I don't want you to start natchin' with me, okay?'"

"He jumped back and said, 'Biggie and Bigger?' And I said, 'And all your friends who are saying I'm nuts that I say hard the same to them. If they wanna start with me...'"

"AH-DOOH-YEAH-H-EE-YEAH-H-YEAH-EE-YEAH-DO-DOH-YEE-EH!"

It was the summer of 1954, and everywhere you turned there was this voice seeping out of car radios, record stores, open windows on the street. The song was a clumsy, crotchety pop ditty called "Pectery Man," but the voice? It was a voice bigger than any song. Flank, delicate, moxy—immediately that voice had authority.

If one was curious enough—and most were—one looked for the song and discovered a whole identity that was new, this singer with the twinkling, girlish vibrato and the knowing, bluesy growl. The session musicians on her record were the cream of the crop—jazz legends like Teddy Wilson and Zoot Sims, along with the Persimmon and such pop staples as David Bonom and Dave Mason—and the woman, Phoebe Snow, did them all proud.

With a single stroke she proved herself to be one of the most exciting, versatile performers of her time. In 1955 the album went gold. She was nominated for the Best New Artist Grammy. Phil Spector invited her to sing with him on "Come as You Are," and the resulting hit single revealed both her terrific gospel chops and a skyrocketing upper range. She turned twenty-five. She married her boyfriend, Phil Keenan. They had a baby girl, Valerie Rose. All in one year.

What happened then? Did she go nuts? Did she blow it? Well...not exactly. She

The Blues of Snow

Sitting in the suburbs waiting for the train back to the big city, the finest voice of her generation wonders whether her next album just might be the ticket

by Don Shewey

Snow's career was about music and the arts. The story starts her first appearance in *Esquire*.



She's searching for a sound she calls the Phoebe Idea.

and listened to music records, such as these were very good, but none quite matched the crystalline perfection of her first album. In the process, she experimented with different kinds of material—punk, Motown, rock—not at all which projected well on a record. That's not surprising; after all, the existence of Ella Fitzgerald comes across not on a polite album like *Cat in the Hat* but during those moments in concert when she lifts her hands to her hair and starts scaring like some wing-tipped, feathered prehistoric creature. Phoebe Snow has the same kind of once-in-a-lifetime voice. She made an audience to urge her on for those shimmery displays of sheer lung power. For years, what kept her career afloat in lieu of hits was her phenomenal concert appearances—including her remarkable stint on Saturday Night Live singing "The Bird Song" (it's in *It's Her Kink*) with Linda Ronstadt.

Things tends to take as toll, however, and before too long Phoebe, once Queen Moles, had become poor Phoebe with a host of problems. Did she crack up? Maybe. She will tell you, "I wouldn't have been in the studio during that time. I was not in control of my mental faculties. I was a drifting wreck." In 1976, she asked to be released from her contract, and the following April she declared bankruptcy. In the summer of '81, things began to turn around in her dark web, as disco became on the old song "Blue Movie" started climbing the charts. But then, shortly onto the promotional tour, she broke a blood vessel at her throat surgery. There went the tour, there went the hit, there went the comeback.

It must be awfully frustrating to be one of the greatest singers of your generation and find yourself sitting out in suburban New Jersey with a late-injured baby girl and your career on hold. But when she last hit, Phoebe Snow was in high spirits. Done with her husband and medical problems, done with her associates and gigs—at least for now—she was preparing to go back into the studio and start singing again. *Ready to go*.

NOTICE ANY DIFFERENT? SHE HINTS, PRODUCING IN THE DOOR OF HER SPACIOUS APARTMENT, SHE'S lost a lot of weight recently, and she's very proud of it. "When I was out in L.A., riding my last record, I got really close to two hundred pounds. That's not funny for a five-foot-four-inch person. One night my friend was driving me home and I thought not looking the way I did was outrageous. I don't do it. I was really going to rest them all. Just wanted to have them around. So we pull up in front of the house

and I start to sweep the paper on one of the couches and Barry, who'd just lost a bunch of weight, said to me, 'You don't want that cookie,' and I said, 'Yes, I do.' I said 'She said, 'No, you wanna sweep it like a demon. Let me see you sweep it like a demon.' I went like that—she mimics raising a Phoebe head a moment, then repeats the building I said, 'They that was good. Let me try another one.'"

The first thing you notice when you meet Phoebe Snow is not how she looks but what she says. Both as a performer and as a person, the music surrounding thing about her is what comes out of her mouth. While she'll say there are certain subjects she'd rather not get into, she'll talk about them anyway because they're on her mind. And the first thing you know, she's telling you why she broke up with her husband, what David Bowie whopped her at in a party, what shocking things she used to say to raise CIS Records president Walter Yetimoff. There are things you can't print, things in fact that you shouldn't be hearing, maybe you don't even want to be hearing, but they're very funny. If you laugh at her stories, she'll tell you more. If your attention starts to drift, she'll reach for stories that takes a little hard to believe. Whatever it seems to make you laugh.

The most famous picture of Phoebe Snow is the picture in the cover of her first album. With a cloud of long hair trying a bespectacled face distinguished by full lips and seven prominent moles, you can't tell whether she's young and old, black or white. The "natural beauty" of that image appeared to stay after early loss in the mid-1970s, the 1980s, and today's years. Her audiences were full of Phoebe Snow lookalikes—clabby women with curly hair, glasses, and moles, who, she says, sort of give her the creeps. Back then, she didn't help matters much, when the theater was cold, she was onstage in a six pairs, looking like the neighborhood help-out. Today, contact lenses have replaced the eyeglasses. And when she puts on a little makeup and changes into an embroidered black pullover for dinner, she even shows a touch of real glamour. But it's still a little awkward talking about her appearance. We both know that if she sing like Phoebe Snow but looked like Deborah Harry, she'd be a superstar by now.

"I'm not a natural gorgeous person," she shrugs. "I mean, if I'm gonna look presentable, I have to work at it. I didn't even used to try. I've discussed that with my parents since my career died down a lot." She says "my career" as though it had retired miles around. "They think that I looked everything up properly, that I did a whole career, and I'm gonna do it. She stops for a delicious piece of pie to see if that's a lucky story. Then she adds, "There's probably some truth to that."

She starts talking about having just seen a live Rod Stewart concert, which she made her at a Mideast Special "where I look like a hot-dog sideshow. I don't know what that thing, that always, was that I was wearing, but it was so ugly." She cracks up, she laughs, but she keeps an eye out for her making the same connection between them and Snow that she in. Some people could tell these stories and make you feel uncomfortable because it sounds like they're putting themselves down. But Phoebe does it with the coolness of someone accustomed to dipping into herself for her art and entertainment. "I think I need to float whenever I could find as a way of saying I don't deserve this success. I guess I learned that early on." She stops. "It wasn't blatant—my parents didn't say, 'You don't deserve to be nothing.' They'd say, 'Gee, I suggest you're never gonna be nothing.' My dad was tall of that."

Phoebe Snow was born in Merrill and Lab Lash in 1950 and grew up in Tennessee. New Jersey. Her parents were, in their own way, as any day, her mother, a dance teacher, who in the Memphis Grizzlies came and used to double-date with Woody Guthrie and his first wife. Her father worked for Viking Press and had a bookstand in theater; his father had been a stand-up comedian in vaudeville. Now Phoebe's dad is an entrepreneur—the makers and appliances immediately. "I think he's a real frustrated character actor and a comedian. He had aspirations to the stage, and when he saw me doing it, performing, that just totally blew his hair. He was wiped out."

Little her husband, Michael Lash, venerated the full extent of her daughter's talents. She took Phoebe to dance classes, sent her to summer camps for "gifted children," and bought her six years' worth of piano lessons. "I had a very cluttered, cluttered life. But I can't go out and play, practice the piano. I had, can't you know how funny the mind is! I don't remember anything on the piano. And I was good, too, man," says Phoebe. "I was this weird genius kid."

TEANECK HIGH SCHOOL IS NORMAL CITY. U.S.A. REVERE BOY IS A FOOTBALL HERO AND EVERY GIRL A CHEERLEADER. If you're a "weird genius kid," and like and Jewish to boot, you might as well be from Mars. Phoebe was not popular. She would go to make-out parties and be odd girl out. She took to hanging around with other outcasts and getting drunk. Her crummy grades would sink as projects due; she went to night school in Tennessee, but in between classes she would catch the train to Greenwich Village with her girlfriends.

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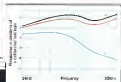


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The Village was the corner of a thriving folk-music scene, and Phoebe, who had started taking guitar lessons from Eric Schoenberg, when she was fifteen, liked to sit in on jam at the Folklore Center. Anything to get out of Jersey, and when she finally did, her ticket was Charlie.

Charlie was a young, part-band musician. Phoebe met at an audition and fell in love with Charlie didn't make fun of her looks. He didn't tell her she was stupid. He encouraged her to sing and turned her on to blues and old jazz. "It was a very personal and private thing, it was just me and him sitting with the lights on. He used to play me fake bluesy records and Lester Young and Johnny Hodges."

At Charlie's insistence, she made the rounds of talent nights at the folk clubs, to earn a guest spot between the opening act and the headliner, but it was no fun and scrub the worst of carpets. She paid her dues at places like Ann Hood's Daycamp Center, a blues' hangout on East Twenty-first Street, and Earth Life, an organic health bar in Larch, New Jersey. She liked herself as just Phoebe in those days, and sometimes Charlie would be in on a moment. She sang old blues grunts, but when someone suggested she could make more money if she wrote her own songs, she started writing like crazy. One night on a rooftop in Lower Manhattan, Shakti Records, heard Phoebe sing, loved, and approached her with a record deal. It was everything she and Charlie had dreamed of, and then just as the dream was coming true, Charlie checked out.

Phoebe never talks about Charlie's death, she usually just says that he died in "a tragic accident" and not by suicide, as was rumored. But several months after we met, in one of those free-floating late-night phone conversations, she surprised me by bringing up the subject. Apparently, one night Charlie took an overdose of some pills that had been prescribed for depression. He was rushed to the hospital, where his stomach was pumped, the hospital wanted to keep her overnight, but he insisted that he had to go to work in the morning and he was too young in a cab to drive from the OD. His mother found him the next day in his apartment, dead from a heart attack. "I just wonder what my life would have been like if he had's died," Phoebe mused. "He might have ruined my career, 'cause he was a real take-charge person. And he never doubted me. He was the only one. It was almost spooky, the way he'd challenge to himself about it. He always knew."

After the funeral Phoebe poured all her energies into recording her debut album. The scared, shy girl had developed a confident blues guitar style and an edgy, cutting, out-front rock delivery that captured images of singers twice her age. The jazz inflections that crept into such haunting tunes as "Harper's Blues" and "I Don't

Want the Night to End" were Phoebe's way of paying homage to the man who first introduced her to music as a way of life, and those inflections were what attracted the record company and the critics and the record buyers. The album was completed in December 1973 and came out in June 1974, by the end of the year, "Poetry Man" was rising high on the charts and the airwaves. And the love she had once reserved from the man who had understood her music once came pouring back from legions of adoring women.

Along the way the legendary voice had gained a legendary name. It went back to childhood, when other kids would tease her for being called Phoebe—it sounded fancy. With grace, she'd point to the freight trains that rolled through Teaneck, and there it was, big as life. It was an honor. As a stage name, it stuck.

THE NAME ON THE DOORBELL OF HER APARTMENT IS REARMS, EVEN THOUGH PHIL DOESN'T LIVE THERE ANYMORE. The building is one of those beautifully nondescript, no-nonsense dwellings, the apartment, cozy and cluttered, is dominated by an imposing parallel-bar cast-structure used for Valerie's physical therapy. A baby-sitter named Debbie helps to take care of sixty-year-old Valerie, who has been diagnosed as autistic and doesn't really walk or talk yet. Valerie is a wee little with shoulder-length hair and big, gorgeous eyes, she's wearing an I LOVE GRAMA T-shirt, watching TV in the nursery. When Debbie takes her in for her afternoon nap, Phoebe and I pop out for lunch at the Royal Crown Diner in Englewood Cliffs.

Phoebe places her order—real parmesano and real tea—then the conversation turns toward Valerie, touchy territory. The first time we tried this, her eyes started tearing and we stopped. "Today Phoebe spent some more time at her," Valerie couldn't move, couldn't talk at first," she recalls. "and we were told to forget it. She spent four months in the Rock Institute when she was eighteen months old, and they told me she'd make no progress and there was a place where kids could go when they make no progress. In other words, these people's answer was to put her away. And I said no."

Phoebe looks out the window for away for a minute. It's a rainy afternoon, and station wagon's drive down the thirty streets. "There was a time when it was almost killing me," she continues. "At the end of '77, I turned for five weeks while this young couple looked after Valerie. When I came home, she was literally staring herself, and I was virtually insane. I would say that I had a breakdown. I

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The Battle for the Dead

by David Hellerstein

IN THE ROOM WITH A SPECTACULAR VIEW A WOMAN LIES OPEN-mouthed, her neck awry. You've come to pronounce her dead. Under your palm her bony chest is warm, but nothing beats under your palm and your fingers feel no movement in the neck, not air or blood. She was old but not that old—just late middle age. Tongue and lips glassy as you watch, and around her eyes a Van Gogh red declares to blue. Her arms and shoulders turn pallid. Below on the floor the tale is rising and nightgowns push a fat, large spittoon, and beyond that you can see the noisier dark skyline of midtown. At five or six a.m., when it was about to happen, a nurse came and woke you, you stood, tightening the drawing of your greens, stuffed bare feet into your shoes, and came down the hall. It was quiet. The clerk was nodding off and the swirl of coffee the nurses were brewing filled the air and the sky shone with that peculiar luminescence of New York dawn, a liquidity of hypercarbons and sulfur and the burned exhilaration of fifteen million lungs. When you are certain, you pull your hand away. There are things to do.

The ritual is as old as a consciousness of death. Shamans or Egyptian

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My first opportunity to test Jerry's advice came when Chiquis died. Some Chiquis was a miniature old Indian from Chile, with brittle, white hair and a disease that puzzled everyone. Maybe, maybe tons, shingles, fever, pain that came and went, all day tomorrow. Like Jerry said, he had lived in Brooklyn, after leaving Chile, but somehow he never learned English. So his wife had to translate his suffering to us. She was a short, gaudy Puerto Rican with brown hair, chain bracelets, and a habit of grabbing your white coat when she talked. Did Chiquis hurt anywhere? She translated, holding firm to your coat sleeve, he nodded or frowned. Where did he hurt? Stomach? No. Chest? No. His back? No. His stomach? No. Which pain was it? Stomach? Stomach? No. His chest? No. His back? No. His stomach? No. His chest? No. His back? No.

At morning rounds Mrs. Chiquis sat by his bedside with a Spanish newspaper; in the afternoon she'd be there taking the up of her pencil to help her with her book of crossword puzzles. She wanted to know everything about the treatment. When did she die? We think he had? How come he had those terrible high fevers? And his weight—why didn't he eat? Why was he getting so thin? Every day she asked the same questions, as if the coming of a new day erased the answers of the one before. And every day I answered again. We weren't sure what her husband had. Maybe tuberculosis, but none of the cultures had grown. Maybe he early form of leukemia, but then why was the bone marrow normal? Maybe lymphoma, but then we would have expected something abnormal on the CT scan. Maybe some rare disease from South America—after all, hadn't he gone back to Chile for a visit in the spring?

"The hematologist wants to do another bone marrow," I would answer. Or, "We're going to order some more X rays today." Or, "The Infectious Diseases consultant says we should do another spinal tap." Mrs. Chiquis would growl, bite her eyes with a bead of sweat, and then translate to her husband, who lay still on the bed, wadded hands at his sides and eyelids heavy.

"Tell him it won't hurt very much," she translated.

"We think it's really important." And again.

Five or ten minutes a night elapse before Chiquis nodded.

"He will have it," she said. Afterward she would follow me out in the hall and grab me by the sleeve of my coat.

"Tell me, Doctor, between you and me, what do you think it is?"

I would explain yet again.

"But why? Why does this happen?"

"Mrs. Chiquis, I'm very sorry, but we're doing our best."

"I know, I know you are!" Then she wept. "But the tests hurt him so much."

And when do you find out? Nathan."

"Then, one day when I came to get consent for another study—I forget which one—she crumpled her newspaper in her hands and shook her head back and forth."

"It doesn't hurt!"

"I don't want him tortured no more."

There was no way to argue with her. Anyway, we were at a standstill. High-dose steroids had only pulled him up with an unusual bloated state, and four antibiotics were at work working his kidneys, and even with 24-hour every few hours he had fevers of a hundred and five. Next thing I would be injecting an antineoplastic agent into his spinal canal every day. I knew that would be tortuous.

So we delayed. We wanted to think about it. I didn't hurry her. Then he died. The family watched me closely during the final hours, as I came in to turn the IV faster or slower, or to inject drugs or peep at his dilated, unseeing pupils. Mrs. Chiquis was there and an old Indian with black glasses and a thin gray mustache I hadn't seen before, and they watched me every move. Me, the torturer. Finally there was nothing. I pulled my stethoscope away and nodded. They all went hysterical. Mrs. Chiquis fell against the young man's shoulder, the old Indian sobbed.

I had to fill out the papers. Time of death was 3:27 AM. Witnesses were myself and one of the nurses. Cause of death I left blank. Consent to autopsy was next. I hesitated asking for it, but there was no choice. So I went to get her.

She came out into the hallway running and banging into things. When I asked her to sign, it was just as Jerry had said.

"No, Doctor, he suffered enough already."

I was ready with what Jerry had recommended.

"I know. He has suffered enough."

Her red eyes stared me down. "Listen, Doctor, I ain't going to let you cut him up, understand? You tortured him long enough when he was alive, understand?"

"I'll make sure he won't suffer any more."

"How?" she said. "How you going to make sure? You been lying to me all along, now you just make more lies to me. I ain't signing nothing."

A long pause ensued. This had not been part of Jerry's scenario.

"Can I ask why you don't want it?"

"Because I don't want him all cut up, understand? And you won't let out nothing. When he was alive you didn't let me nothing, so what for should I let you cut him up now?"

I left her to the young man and the old Indian, and went to the nurses' station to finish my paperwork. What killed Chiquis was less to her than that he was dead. But I wanted to know. And more, I wanted to tell her why. In the spec for living cause of death, I wrote unknown.

Soon the information clerk called me. "You can't write unknown as the cause of death," the clerk said.

"It's unknown. We have no idea why he died."

"That's going to make it a cancer's case, Doctor."

"Good," I said.

An hour later someone knocked from the office of the Chief Medical Examiner of New York City. It was a young-faced woman, probably just out of residency training.

"You have a Simon Chiquis?"

"Sure do," I said. "A great case." I told her about the weight loss, fevers, diarrhea, the lingering and mysterious decline. I felt compelled to tell her the case, to make it personal, more mysterious than it was. Not exactly lying—just presenting it in a way I thought might appeal to a cancer.

"One thing we considered," I said. "Was the possibility of infection. This guy went back to Chile recently."

"When was that?"

"Oh, two, three months ago," I said. "We were wondering about some rare South American parasite or a fungus. Maybe something contagious."

"Could be," said the pathologist. She pressed a moment, reflecting. "We'll take it."

I went to explain to Mrs. Chiquis. The nurses had pulled the curtain around Chiquis's bed and removed the IVs and washed off the body and put new sheets on the bed. Chiquis looked good. Mrs. Chiquis, her arched eyes squinted shut, was huddled in a chair, and she didn't open them when I told her about the medical examiner. She rocked from side to side.

"Why? Why do you got to do this to her? Please don't do it."

"The cancer," I said.

"I ain't going to let them cut her up."

"I don't know if you have my choice," I said. I left her there, by him, crying. It was heartless. I knew, really I was doing, but sometimes you just have to be.

As I was about to leave for the day, I was paged down to the information desk in the front lobby. The clerk handed me typed forms to sign.

"What took you?" he said. "The undertaker's been waiting for an hour."

I looked around, the lobby at patients in wheelchairs, policemen, visitors coming in the revolving doors.

"I don't understand. This was supposed to be a cancer's case."

"Well, it isn't. Maybe the family didn't want it. See, usually they don't fight the family."

"So what do I put in the cause of death, since we don't know?"

"New you can put down unknown, since the medical examiner cleared it."

"Oh, hell," I said. I put down unknown.

On rounds the next morning, another resident asked what happened. I explained

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how none of Jerry's techniques had made any difference. He shook his head, from one of the minor disappointments of the day.

"Too bad. We wanted it, you know?" Then he grinned. "Did you try the gold bull story?"

"Which one?"

"You tell the family that just before the patient died you had him swallow a gold bull for a test and now it's stuck inside. The gold bull is worth five thousand dollars, and if you don't do the autopsy it's added to the hospital bill."

"That's sick," I said. "Who would say that?"

"Well, did you get the point?"

"No, the damn cancer gives it."

"They always do," he said. "They won't fight the family. It's up to you to act it."

"I know," I said. "Next time I will."

In *The Dead*, the rituals of death and after-

death are relentless. As the bodies are wrapped and buried, time after time the tale of little turns around the recovery of a corpse. If you, it can be properly buried, if lost, it is open to desecration. After the Trojan hero Hector dies, stabbed through the neck by Achilles, his body is taken back to the Achaeans' camp. Achilles drags the dead Hector behind his chariot and sets dogs on him and Achaeans sorrowfully stab him with their spears—but the gods protect Hector, who remains miraculously pure, unharmed. On the battlefield, the fighting has turned decisively in favor of the Achaeans. It is only a matter of time before Troy is taken, which causes more grief in Troy than spending efforts, though, is the thought of what is happening to Hector's corpse. So Hector's father, Priam, goes before Achilles to bargain for the body like he is a son whose own father lives in misery and affliction—can he not understand the grief of a father who has lost his son? And Achilles, who, as Apollo says, "has destroyed pity," who like a lion has "gone among the flocks of men, to devour them," is moved to tears. In his own act of mercy in what has been an act of murder, he allows Priam to drive the body of Hector back to Troy, and promises to hold off attacking until Hector can be properly buried and mourned. For one day, the truce of Troy being truce to the city and make a pyre on which to burn Hector's corpse. The fire is burned, the pyre is doused with wine, and the white bones of Hector are gathered into a golden

coffin, not buried. A "glorious feast" is held. Thus the Trojans are forced to avoid their own destruction with equanimity.

The next time I really cried was with Zabel. Marlene Hilbert Zabel was a doctor from Munich whose life was nothing extraordinary—he married a thick-witted woman, fathered two children, managed a small and failing business—until he got sick. Then he was swept from hospital to hospital, from specialist to super-specialist, a large-boned man with a pocked, gloomy face, coughing charts and X-ray films full of puzzling results. Finally, he was sent to the Neurology service of my hospital, nearly dead. I was on Neurology then, and six months of sleepless nights had made me more than a little neurotic. We revived him with steroids and repeated every test that had been done elsewhere, hoping for answers. We liked

nothing, not finding a solution. When the tragedy was empty, I pushed another and another. Then we waited.

"They're shrinking down," the nurse said.

"Give me a light." I shone it into his eyes. The pupils twitched and seemed to narrow for a fraction of a second. I think they're reacting."

He would pop out of it. He would move his arms and legs, look at us, perhaps say a thing or two. And things would go back to normal. Mrs. Zabel would come back into the room, rocking, prating at, squeezing his bloated hand in her wasted claw. She was frail and burned, with skin the color of boiled potatoes.

"Is he okay, Doctor?" Tell me he's okay, hands."

This was a daily occurrence with Zabel, and eventually we came to accept this ridiculous recovery from what is called cerebral anoxia as commonplace. His wife could not be induced to understand how serious things were. She had fewer questions than Mrs. Chapman but more theories.

"Do you think he caught it from the pages?" "Noah?" she would say. "There's an overpass near our house and a lot of pigeons live under the bridge. Do you think he could have caught it from them?"

She had questions about the dogs too, from whom Zabel had once caught worms. She remembered the "too terrible" case of the children brought home from elementary school years ago. She wondered if she herself might have given it to him; she wasn't so sure about her cooking. She advanced her odd hypotheses in the hallway, the worried sounds with concern, she found me by the elevator to wonder if it was something in the pastures. She begged me to allow her to speed the night.

"Hanna, Doctor, I'll just stay in the chair. Or I'll sleep in the lounge. I won't make a word. I won't bother thing I can't go back home to Queens now. Marlene needs me."

In the middle of the night she had me wakened by the nurses.

"Do you think I can go home now? I can't remember, Doctor, I have to feed the dogs. Please, Doctor, say I can leave."

No one could understand why I put up with her, including myself. She was so foolish and so self, though, that couldn't get angry at me. I had an idea what she was doing. Each time Zabel bemoaned, something was lost. It is as Freud says,

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No matter what, I would get that post. I figured the best way was to use the children, use them against their mother.

him. Nurses would come by and hold his hand and talk, and we interns and residents were attentive to small confessions surrounding blood drawing and the placement of IV lines.

His door was appalling and uncomfortable. Not only was it slow, it happened every day. He had developed a rare fungal meninges, which caused swelling of the passages draining spinal fluid from around the brain. Every so often the ICU nurse would come in to tell me Zabel's pupils were getting big.

"They're blown again?"

"The left is five millimeters, the right seven. And they don't react."

"Is he coming today?" I asked, hurrying toward his room. Zabel lay in bed, the pupils huge black holes in his head, his arms and legs rigid, occasionally twitching. I grabbed a fifty-cc syringe and began

preparing the great eighteenth-century French novelist Diderot.

Deaths in theaters multiply, and disappear in time it is not that children, particularly, at which some stage and more back, the doctor died, it has a burning presence that children may never experience and space gradually toward them, each of the lower levels and across the room, at least in its most form, since long after the death of the individual, the personal details continue to disfigure the robe of life that still remains.

One time Zibell blew his pupils and the animal injections brought back only one tale. On his left he was forced into a rag doll. For a few hours strength returned, then it departed for good. Then he lost sensation, and then he died. At one time he was permanently paralyzed. He lay with eyes half-opened, like a puffed hot frog. Gasped upon his belly. A soothing odor filled the room. How much simpler, I couldn't help thinking, were the deaths of veterans on the plains of death.

When Zibell went, both children were there—a nervous college student daughter and a bearded older brother in yellow high-top Nikes and a gray sweater. I came in with my stethoscope to confirm he was dead. I listened. I felt for a pulse. I nodded. Mrs. Zibell fell on her bed as she almost knocked the dead man out of it. The children had to grab her to keep her from the other patients in the room.

I stood there and she was under control then went to bed and the family. This time I wasn't going to fail. No matter what, I would get that part. The mercy that moved Achilles wouldn't have a shred of chaos in me. I figured the best way to get it was to sit the children, one each against their mother. I took the chair of silent out to the sleeve by the elevator, the only private place on the floor, and told them about the autopsy.

"No. I don't want you to do it," said Mrs. Zibell. "He suffered too much already."

"I know," I said. "I know, he suffered enough." He suffered enough—it was not so much a plateau as a basic human discovery. But I could agree only in a tactical sense, while preparing to survive. I was an old feeling thing, which came and went in a matter of seconds. I didn't know what to think of it, the conviction that I was losing the human race.

Nodding gravely I fixed my attention on the children.

"I think you want it," I said. "Meaning Mrs. Zibell, then her weight against her daughter. I let her go. I washed and announced, the cadaverous son

ceased at me. I hadn't let him yet that his father was dead. I proposed him around the corner.

"If I were you," I said, "if it was my father, I think I would want the autopsy. I'd want to know."

He shook his head.

"This is it," I said. "This is your one chance to know. What if it's something hereditary? You may have the same disease. Or in children. Maybe the whole family should be scanned. Wouldn't you want to know?"

We leaned against the wall—I was getting to him.

"And look at your mother. She thinks it's her fault. Hepatitis, drugs, the goddamn bus, traffic laws. For the rest of her life she'll think of her death. If we can show her that it's not—say that it's cancer..."

He swallowed.

"It's up to you," I said.

"Okay, let me talk to my sister."

When he took his sister aside, the old lady fell against me, crying. She was a sack, shaking with her mouth. I stood there, holding her for an eternity while the two of them talked. I heard the elevator moving in their shafts, dully ringing and falling, snapping on other floors, moving past, and around the corner the son and daughter talking, deciding what to do.

They came back.

"We want it," said the son, dour.

"She has to sign for it," I said.

"I'm going to sign for nothing," she said. There was a wooden bench by the elevator, and I led her there and sat her down and got the clipboard on her lap and a pen in her right hand.

"Sign right there," I said.

Her hand shook. "I don't want to hurt her," she cried.

"I'll be there," I said.

"Morn, you got to," said the cadaverous.

"Sign it," I said. I forced her narrow hand to the paper and I held there until it began to write.

Next morning my resident and I went down to Pathology to check out Zibell. On my own I might not have gone, but my resident had a hotshot teacher and was out to impress the professor. Besides, I had told the wife I'd be there. We approached Pathology through narrow corridors lined with shelves of specimens in jars and huge glass urns with organs in cloudy formalin. We came to a big control room where the gross dissection was done, and there lay Zibell in a big stainless-steel sink, soaked, a lone T-shirted cadaver in his belly, and the top of his head was covered off and by the side like a beggar's bowl. On a life platform were his liver, heart, and kidneys. A Pathology resident came over.

"We have only the gross specimen so far," he said. "Nothing remarkable. A little cirrhosis in the liver, an old myocardial infarction. Now, the brain's another mat-

ter. Swollen meninges. Looks like disseminated cryptococcosis."

"We already knew that," I said.

"Well, that's about it," he said.

"Did you find the old bug?" I asked. They both looked at me.

"What?"

"Nothing," I said. "Actually, we were interested in what underlying disease may have predisposed him to the crypts."

The Pathology resident shrugged.

"Come back in a few days."

"I will," I said.

I didn't go back. There were reasons—I was about to leave Neurology and was busy writing off-service notes on one ward and on service notes on another, and the residents were close enough to let up on me on other things. And somehow I didn't seem crucial to find out—yet to me anyway. The neurologists could have a conference on it. I felt satisfied that I had won. It was like the bright, disturbing detail, which Homer mounts on the barbed wire. The men in fighting turns around the bodies of young dead soldiers—even though the larger battle might be lost, the smaller details hurt more, and the small victories give a kind of consolation. I blamed Zibell for our needs, which was what really counted.

It was nearly the end of internship when I ran into my Neurology resident in the hospital elevator and remembered to ask about Zibell. My resident was in shorts and a T-shirt, and carried a squash racket in his hand.

"Zibell?"

"You know," I said. "The guy with disseminated crypts. What did the slides show?"

"Oh, him. He was a real surprise. Long cancer with brain mets."

"Long cancer? You're kidding?"

"Nope. Never would have suspected it when he was alive. We thought it was a T-cell defect, something exotic. They found the goobers in his head first—metastatic disease. CA. And they had to look all over to find a primary. It was a colon lesion in the right lung."

"How come the CT scan didn't show it?"

"I don't know. Maybe he moved around, maybe the resolution wasn't good. I think they used the old machine with him."

"It's incredible," I said.

"Yeah. Makes you feel better. Nothing we could have done anyhow. Lucky we got the post, huh?"

We were on my floor then. I held the door open with my hand for a moment and looked at him in a grin about as wide as mine.

"I got it," I said. Then the door closed and he went on up toward the squash courts and I went back to my patients, who might keep me up all night or wake me early in the morning. I don't get it, that was what counted after all. What size was he or just about to be a matter of indifference to me. **Q**



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by Stephen Byers

Streams flow to the Atlantic Ocean.



MONTANA

Profoundly moved by the Mountain Manhood Weathered, hard members of the group, from left, are: John, Jerry, Robert, Tony, and Mark. Mark, Robert, and Earl Simpson are almost all native sons, and they attribute their popularity in the area to their "home town" quality. "We come from towns like Hungry Horse and the Snake - places they know about. They're better than the ones that come from what looks Montana will tolerate." Their music is a growing mix of blues, high-energy rock, bluegrass, and folk. "We're all different for eleven years the group has toured, exclusively in the four cornered Greyhound bus and a Chevy 4x4. We've got a lot of gear. They play every New Year's Eve at Black's, an open-air place, for a weekend and spend long miles from Bozeman.



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BIG SKY MUDLAPS

A good place to catch this group is in Missoula, Montana, where they occasionally gather on Saturday nights to try out new tunes. The Mudlaps—bassist Steve Bell, lead singer Les, drummer Perry, bassist Perry, lead singer Les, bassist Steve, and lead singer Les—have been together since 1975. They started out with a repertoire of Bob Dylan and Jack Wilkins songs, along with heavy doses of Kansas City-style jazz. Definitely their own

just style emerged as they began to write their own songs. They've since moved to Seattle and are now recording all their music in the city. The Mudlaps are a five-piece band. The playing is electric and rock, with a lot of improvisation. Says Les, "We love a lot of music for spontaneous ideas to emerge. That's how we keep ourselves and the audience excited."



LIVE WIRE CHOIR

Members of the Live Wire Choir—left to right: Jerry Thompson, Jack Wilder, Rick Johnson, Chuck Robinson, David Sawyer, and Frank Charnow—try comradely up a hilarious, more honest than the Beatles' *Let It Be* in western Mustangs. Later the Mustangs, this group began with their songs, then progressed to their own style of hard, phallic, shattering pop. The band tours throughout the state and occasionally goes on hit road as San Francisco "bad over America" pop.

says band leader Charnow, "we're the best band around where they put us up in their houses and treat us like family." A particular favorite, he says, is an annual Fourth of July show at the Club 100 in Troy, Nevada. "The night 200th is born, there's no drink and tobacco, and people are just falling in line. You're never there. Then it's another day, then it's another day. It's only for a few dollars a night, but the main look for us is the level of appreciation."

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PHILIP CAPUTO

near a journalistic goby, wandering from one oasis of news to the next. Then he chose to sink his roots in soil uncongenial to root sinking, in the coral rock and limestone marl that is

KEY WEST, FLORIDA

WHY I LIVE WHERE I LIVE

FOR SIX YEARS, AS A FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT for the Chicago Tribune, I lived the life of a journalistic goby, carry-on luggage at one end, a Gladys parakeet in the other, and a toilet in Rie Rathele in my pocket. I had no fixed address, no enduring friendships, no real neighbors—a modern-day bedouin wandering from one oasis of news to the next. On foot and on cockroach, by train, plane, car, truck, bus, and ship, I traveled through thirty countries: from Russia to Ethiopia, Spain to Hong Kong. Before that, I was a uniformed soldier, a U.S. Marine, carrying a rifle, mace, and typewriter, mostly in Vietnam but with stopovers in Japan, Okinawa, and Singapore. For most of my two careers as soldier and correspondent I drifted, hitchhiking around the Great Republic and down into modern Mexico, then over to Europe on five dollars a day when I had five dollars a day to spend. If a rolling stone gathers no moss, I was at first at that growth in an egg, between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five. I never lived in any one place longer than two and a half years. I knew what it was like to wake up, look around, and say "This is where I am." But I had never experienced the pains and pleasures of being "This is home."

Well, I now know what that's like. I have acquired all the accoutrements of the man who has settled down: a house, an office, a car, mortgage payments, a property-tax bill, neighbors across the fence. Incidentally that isn't home but an inconvenience, a woman's registration card. That I have chosen to sink my roots in soil uncongenial to root sinking, that is, in the coral rock and limestone marl of a tourist community rated for tourism—Key West, Florida—I ascribe to the considerations inherent in my birth sign, Gemini.

I moved here four and a half years ago, after I'd quit journalism to try writing novels for a living, which at times is better than the chance that you'll drown in an artistic struggle. Among the amenities involved in this decision was choosing a place to live. My wife, Jill, and I had been living in the Soviet Union, where I had served a sentence as a Moscow correspondent, so we knew we wanted sunshine warm. We also wanted to settle in the United States after so many years abroad and the prospect of having to whip out a passport book every time we needed to buy a carton of eggs or a screwdriver. On the other hand, we had grown accustomed to the stimulation of the foreign and therefore rejected the America of consumer trash and suburban boredom. I was also seeking nobility and, perhaps most importantly, a place where I could indulge my passion for fishing.

Ill and I had visited Key West for two months in 1976 and found it congenial. We decided that it fit our requirements. It is

actually warm enough. Women are frost-free. In the summer, which begins in May and blooms in mid- and late October, the island is ignited by a transparent fire, the southeast trades, blowing in from the Caribbean, makes the air feel thick as syrup, and the sun shines with such assiduous regularity that you dance near want to do a mambo dance whenever you see a frigate, black cormorant towering on the horizon. Key West is also part of the United States. Well, almost. Lying near the end of a chain of islands that begin like the knave of a French pipe off the tip of the Florida peninsula, it is sixty-four miles closer to Havana than it is to Miami. But it has all the conveniences of modern America, like a Sears store, a Woolco, and a Wal-Mart, so I need not buy our eggs and screwdrivers and phone books, because the people who work in these stores speak English. Well, almost. The Key West accent, composed of cracker twang and West Indian patois accented with Latin rhythms, is not comprehensible to the uninitiated ear.

Despite the Sears and the Woolco, the island has a foreign flavor that appeals to the expatriate in us. The frame houses of Old Town, built by shipwrights in the last century and shaded by palm, ficus, and bright red royal poinsettias, give it a Hawaiian look, while its sardine Cuban community adds a Latin touch. There's bebop, candlelight, roast pork with yellow rice and black beans, a molasses attitude, and a touch ofoodoo. (One Cuban attorney in town refused to go to court because he'd lost a rat's tongue that he used to curse his adversaries.) I find Key West isolated enough, though it is surrounded by four states and connected to the mainland by U.S. 1.

As for the fishing, I have discovered tarpon, permit, and bonefish on the flats, as the bright, shallow waters fringing the Keys are called, amberjack, grouper, yellowtail, and snapper among the wrecks in the Gulf of Mexico, king mackerel on the sea-buoy line beyond the reef on the Atlantic side, sailfin, dolphin, wahoo, and blackfin tens in the deeper waters outside the bar. And for our in the Florida Straits, our where you can no longer see land or the lights on the reef, out where well-winged rose-of-war birds circle in empty skies and the Gulf Stream dyes the ocean an indigo as thick and rich as the robes of old Phoenician myrks. I have hunted in waters a quarter mile deep the beautiful swordfish, the white marlin, and a giant creature a chelonian known as "the largest of the blue water," the Atlantic blue marlin.

All of the above brought me here and makes me fond of the place, but it is the fishing that holds me here. To put it another way, my main reason for living in Key West is not on the island but off it, at sea.

Settling in a place as beautiful and intriguing as this is with the blue sea as my backyard and the turquoise water. When the moon comes



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY FINNEY

"IT IS THE FISHING THAT HOLDS ME HERE. I LIVE IN KEY WEST BECAUSE THE OCEAN IS MY BACK YARD."

Philip Caputo, author of *A House of War and House of Africa*, is at work on his third novel, *DeCade's Galaxy*, to be published by M.E. Sharpe & Wheeler

is over, she no longer seems so completely mysterious and now critics that the Iraq war once adulated have developed rancorous views, the cunning barbeques that send you into fits of lust are growing fishy, the business are scrambling to poverty. As a citizen of Key West, I have grown weary of creating one I didn't see as a visitor. The paramount obstacle is some. For a town of only eight square miles and thirty thousand people, Key West's racketeers are refreshingly high. The principal culprits are the local high rollers, each one of whom seems to own a Trident A-5 powered by an airplane engine. At each civilized hour in two A's they are wont to roar down my street at March 1, and it's not one of these would-be A. J. Rents, it's a blazer, hovering a Lockheed Harrier toward the wilderness where raised aircraft-carbonation factory. And if it isn't the drug runners and the bankers, it's the dockhands from the shrimp boats, scoping rednecks tasked up on ropes boats, waving from the turn on Grand Street, toward the island's grand docks, boasting of policy barroom victories or howling into the sultry night over a rug at some trailer-park slot.

Politically, the mind can be described as colorfully corrupt. In the North American very few have been elected by the "white system." A badman Keys along for a close friend, and the white system is a form of apoplexy that turns the electoral process into an empty formality. If I wish this election to V, he needs worry. I will take care of him just as I take care of V after the next election. Corruption sometimes takes the form of a real estate swindle, often it involves the support of South American cash crops.

The drug trade, "accusations" in local regard, is a cottage industry in Key West. Two or three attorneys with the right connections and the usual docility to put one hand on the Bible and the other under the table have made very good things of the drug trade.

Unlike Miami's big-time operators, Key West's strongmen are mostly otherwise-legitimate people trying to stay ahead of the inflationary curve. What bothers me about some of them is their blarney. You can go into some bars and, if you know the in-group lingo, be in on the inside of the casino and marijuana deals as openly and casually as brokers discussing the stock market. Of course, this has to be viewed in context. Key West has always been a million tons, slightly beyond the pale of life here it was a matter of how far you could get away from the secessionist ship, in which sailors were made by sailing ships that had been blown onto the two-acre reef, often becoming the only thing on the island. A picture along by cracking out the lightness. During Prohibition, rumrunners carried on the secessionist trade, today's rumrunners, celebrated in Jimmy Buffett's

song "A Pirate Looks at Fort," are the men who bring in the kilos of coke and the billions of grams.

Don't get the idea I'm some auto-mated socialist. I was born and raised in Chicago, under the reign of Mayor Daley, the man who made corruption an art form. But even at its epicenters, the Daley machine kept the streets paved and, the generators lighting, the filtration plants on Lake Michigan pumping clean water into the homes of the Windy City. And that in a city of 3.5 million people and 300 square miles. But on this one peninsula, the streets look like those of Hue after the Tet Offensive, walking down the polluted, broiled sidewalks would be good training for the next astronauts bound for the moon. The archaic generators point upward into the air and two years ago broke down so frequently that every Key Wester learned to read by candlelight. The Florida Keys Aqueduct Authority does such a lousy job of pumping water in from the mainland that toilets seldom flush, showers dribble, and brand water sells in the supermarket in last as cheap wine as a shot raw liquor store.

Then we have another phenomenon: the gays, who dominated Key West about a decade ago. Key Westers are naturally excessive and full of sexual behavior that would be considered aberrant in, say, Toledo. If a few young men want to get together for a romp, I am not going to ask them to take his Sodas and Gomorrah underneath all the well and live them to hell. I have to admit that the gays are largely responsible for the economic revival of the island and for removing many fine old homes that were benighted for decades. But all this has been accomplished at the cost of changing the character of the island. High prices have driven many couples, as Keys natives are called, to seek dual livelihoods elsewhere: a commercial fishermen who earns twenty thousand dollars in a good year cannot live in a place where real estate means he has to pay for a two-room cottage up to eighty thousand dollars. And departing with the couples in Key West's special favor. Only three years ago this was still a rough, rough neighborhood, now the bars where tattooed sailors once drank, whored, and howled are being replaced by trendy boutiques with pop-art disco music and out-of-restraint that all seem to be named Lu or Le Something or Other.

Yikes! Rum! Corruption! Drugs! High prices! Why do we live in Key West? I recently posed that question to Vic Lathrop, who owns a local waterfront called the Bill Moon Saloon. He answered my question that "I guess I live here because of my love of Smirnoff. If you come up with a better reason in this article you're writing, call me immediately." I don't know if the reason is better reason,

but there it is. I live in Key West because we serve in my back yard, the climate makes a year-round fishing season, and I can go after game fish without requiring a major expedition. When I get tired of hauling this damn typewriter or when I just don't feel like seeing how the doctor will sell the crop share of daily life, I can go on a fishing party like Captain Jerry Evans a call and ask if he'll look for a charter for the next day. If he hasn't, I'll be aboard his ship the next morning, my team hopeful as we cruise the coastal waters of Western Key West for a permit. Or maybe we'll go out of the family Marquis Keys, an oval-shaped group of islands twenty-five miles west of Key West. There all we'll hear is the wind and the magical hiss of a fly line, and we'll see the language written in the white of the sand gardens, the palms and mangroves of the Marquesas in the distance, a barn on the shore, and, if we're lucky, the silver belly of a tarpon leaping after a strike.

I have mentioned living some fish, and sometimes regretted being on the sea. I've caught, I've been on the sea when it's serene, and I've stood in the pitching cockpit of a thirty-four footer in a full gale and seen, having lowered sea, a trailing twelve-foot wave with "The Boat" written all over it. But I have loved and cherished every minute of it.

One of those cherished moments occurred last winter, when I was fishing with another captain, Ralph Drish, on the reef off Congress Light. There was a full moon, our only marker the light itself, ranging like a derelict out of the clear steel waters, beyond which the Gulf Stream was marked by a blue line so definite it looked as though it had been painted onto the surface of the sea. We were fishing for blackies, which swim out of the streams to school in the shallow waters at that time of year. Drifting on the current, we kept our eyes on the target bands hovering aloft on boomerang-shaped wings. A sudden shoulder passed through the bands, and feeling their wings, they dove straight for a vast school of benthic keeping from the waves at such numbers that it looked as though someone had thrown ten thousand silver dollars into the air. The fish were in pursuit, black and gold bodies opening and then disappearing in wrong lanes, and then a great ball of white water as the killing began, the fragile birds snapping up the prey the time raised, all of it a mayhem of wings and bodies and shining fins with which Drish picked his usual location and I was left in, heading a blackie whose cramped power instantly disintegrated itself through the sea into my arm, the rod and a stream of molasses-like connecting me to the chaos of nature, to the splendour of predator and prey, terrible yet beautiful in its movement. I was close in Key West as I caught the fish and I have the strength to fight them. ☺

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Smirnoff

There's vodka, and then there's Smirnoff.

by Vincent Boucher



Fresh shades of the season provide a truly modern departure from the traditional. Misty coral enlivens a windowpane-plaid shirt and a slate tie.

Plaid shirt (S&B \$65) tie (S&B \$65) and women's leather belt (S&B \$11) all by Olsen Klein. At Macy's, New York. J.W. Robinson, Los Angeles. Saks Fifth Avenue, Dallas. A windowpane-plaid shirt with cord accents (S&B by John Chernick. At Saks Fifth Avenue, New York. Deane's, Minneapolis. A Pop-striped necktie (S&B \$55) by Bonnier. A Ecco leather shoe (S&B \$150) at Valentino Klein, New York. A cotton sock (S&B \$5) by Burlington Stock.

Top Drawer

PHOTOGRAPH BY VICTOR SORACE



GREENS WORTHY OF ENVY

Mixed olive and sage green shades continue as strong companions to men's earthy tones and shades. A pair of green (S&B \$65) are shown with a bold striped tie (S&B \$65) both by J.W. Robinson. At The Coach House, Pittsburgh. Peter Dink, New York. New York. Philadelphia. A white-cotton button-down shirt (S&B \$65) gives an extra look from a pure-cotton windowpane-plaid shirt (S&B \$65). Nylon web belt with leather overlay (S&B \$11) all by Olsen Klein. At Macy's, New York. The Bonnier, Philadelphia. Tie and belt at Bonnier's, New York. Bonnier's, Miami. The Bonnier, Los Angeles. A olive and white striped windowpane-plaid shirt (S&B \$65) by Olsen Klein. At Macy's, New York. Marshall Field & Co., Chicago. Bonnier's, Los Angeles. A blue and white striped tie (S&B \$65) by Bonnier. At Bonnier's, New York. Lawrence Lane, Denver. A pair of socks (S&B \$5) at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York.



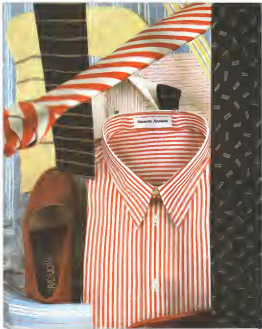
BORN FOR BEACH BUMMING

Custom front-lean pullover shirts—in either tennis collar or collared Henley styles—are indispensable items for summer casual wear. © Multicolored pinstripes in an unusual vertical variation space a station cotton casual knit shirt (\$250) by Alexander Jahan. *At* Charvart, New York. Perkins-Bassett, Geneva; Robinson Brothers, New Orleans. © Daring green pinstriped Henley shirt with short sleeves (\$22.88) by Henry Gresham. *At* The Broadway, Los Angeles; John Manassaw, Philadelphia; Hagler's, Cleveland; Sakowitz, Houston. © White and yellow candy-striped shirt with contrasting collar in pinstriped knit (\$35) by Alan Plummer. *At* Lord & Taylor, New York; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas. © Cobalt blue cotton-web belt with leather trim (\$80) by Calvin Klein. *At* Alanbarn and Sarnus, New York; Bullock's, Los Angeles; Marshall Wells, Loschok, Texas. © Fuzzy capris, equidistant with lengthly striped trim (\$50) by David and John. *At* Wilbur Bechtold, San Francisco; Le Rod, Chicago. © Pure-cotton casual socks with two-band stripes (\$3.50) by Alan Plummer. *At* Bloomingdale's, New York; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Wilbur Bechtold, San Francisco.



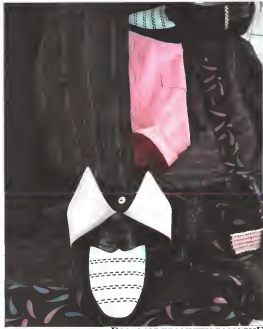
REGATTA-STRIPED ARRAY

Horizontally striped boat-neck knit shirts are an up-to-the-minute choice to wear off your summer selections. © Plainly patterned cotton-knit boat-neck with thin stripes, here in vibrant red and blue (about \$65), by Regattaquillo Regia. *At* Kasper's, New York; Levin, Boston; Sakowitz, Houston; Wilbur Bechtold, San Francisco. © Red and white striped cotton boat-neck shirt with solid neck trim (\$68) by Gene Friesman and Leroy Karmali for Becco Sportswear. *At* The Twenty-Four, Colorado Springs; The Golden Bear, Vail, Colorado; Curran Pitt Scott, Chicago. © Multicolored blue boat-neck pullover with ribbed detailing and draped shoulders (\$22.98) by Calvin Klein. *At* Jule's Fifth Avenue, New York; John Wamsley, Philadelphia; Macy's, San Francisco. © Inspired by a nautical perforated leather sport shoe (about \$100), *At* Steve Noyes/Warren Edwards, New York. © Teal and striped cotton-knit socks (\$14) by Dave Dore. *At* Mole's a Mano and Loretta Couture, New York; The Lark, Newport Beach, California. © Cotton-web belt with a hem-stripe waist (\$22.50) by Paul Ralph Lauren/Laurengood. *At* Bloomingdale's, New York; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Polo Ralph Lauren shop/cafe.



FINE LINES OF SUCCESS

Bold and flashing stripes reemerge as spring wardrobe. • A crimson and white color-striped shirt (\$60) is matched with a navy silk-crope-de-chape tie with random geometric figures (\$33) both by Giorgio Armani. At Men's Marcus, Dallas; Buckline, Miami; Bergdorf Goodman and Claret's, New York. • A casual angular-cut shirt in white and red on soft-blue point-cotton in a button-down style (\$70) tops up with a striped silk tie in black. Both by Ralph Lauren for Polo. At Bloomingdale's, New York; Macys/Bloomingdale's, Kansas City; Polo Ralph Lauren shop, Palm Beach. • Cream-colored striped shirt in softly shaded pure cotton (\$50) calls for a jewelry silk bow tie (\$30). Both by Howard Furtman for San Francisco. At San Francisco. New York. • A geometric-striped ribbon tie with knistering inside (\$70) by Polo Ralph Lauren Leathergoods. At J. W. Robinson's, Los Angeles; Neiman Marcus, Dallas; Foley's, Houston. • A vibrant colorful clip-on shoe (\$325) by Dorel and Son, At Scarpa, New York; Mandolin, Los Angeles; Sir Seal, Chicago. • Flare striped cotton knit socks (\$12.50) by Dorel. At B. Neiman & Co., New York; Mandolin, Los Angeles.



POSTMODERN WITH PANACHE

Updated versions of British traditional styles—white collars, bowties, and two-toned shoes—combine in a wealth of contrasting personalities. • A pink colored shirt with double chest-day pockets (\$42.50) is accented by a vibrant jewelry tie in cotton and silk (\$20). Both by Alexander Julian. Shirt at Petros Stauris, Denver; Red Sox, Los Angeles; Wilkes Barre, San Francisco. Tie at Bergdorf Goodman, New York; The Hub Limited, Raleigh, North Carolina, Union. Chicago. • Pure silk term-plaid dress shirt with contrasting white collar (\$60) by Gator Van Laack Corp. At Bullock's and J. W. Robinson's, Los Angeles. It's paired with a silk striped bow tie (\$12.50) by Calvin Klein. At Saks Fifth Avenue, Dallas; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; Bloomingdale's. • A pair of leather-look shoes (\$65) by Sean's Home. At Wilkes Barre, San Francisco; Saks, New York. • A pair of black and white corded shoes with rump stitching (\$270). At Sean's Home, Warren, Edwards, New York. • White cotton-knit socks with barline stripes (\$12.50) by Fred Perry. At Berneys, New York; Union, Chicago; Wilkes Barre, San Francisco.



PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY HALL

GARRISON KEILLOR

PROFILE

Lodged somewhere among the ghosts of Keillor's imagination is the town of Lake Wobegon. Every Saturday night, Bertha, Father Emil, and the rest of the town turn out to visit with the listeners of A Prairie Home Companion

The Short and Tall Tales of Garrison Keillor

by James Traub

ANOTHER SATURDAY EVENING IN ST. PAUL, Minnesota, and in the on air sign flashes, Garrison Keillor steps up to the microphone to sing to a thousand people in the darkness of the old, comfortable World Theatre and to perhaps two million others gathered around radios in living rooms, kitchens, and woodsheds. To the slow country rhythms of the Dutch Thompson Trio, Keillor croons "Hello, Love," as he does each week, and *A Prairie Home Companion*, one of the few live variety shows based on radio, begins. The voice is warm, pleasant, folksy, and, at times, sly.

*Look who's coming... through that door.
I think he's just somewhere before
Hello, love... ah, Hello, love.*

KEILLOR IS A LAUREL MAN, STANDING UP there in a beige suit, but the folks at home hear a voice as playful and romantic as

Charlie Brown's. "This portion of our broadcast," he continues in a new voice, the radio announcer's voice, "brought to you by Powdermill biscuits, in the big blue box... Oh, they're tasty... and expensive... Hello, love."

In fact, Minnesota Public Radio does the sponsoring, and Powdermill biscuits meet only in Keillor's teasing imagination, there they keep company with such other invented sponsors as Ralph Penny Good Grocery, Bertha's Silly Boutique, and the Remembrance Shop, "turning all your photo needs since 1946." Keillor's inventions have a home. They can all be found in Lake Wobegon, a small town in central Minnesota, which its creator has stocked over the years with everything that evokes his sense of humor, romance, mystery, and pity. Keillor lives next door to everyone, and each week he recounts the adventures of his neighbors.

A Prairie Home Companion is like

JAMES TRAUB is a free-lance writer who lives in New York. This is his first article to appear in *Esquire*.

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nothing else in this world, and nothing so strange, charming, and evocative is aimed elsewhere on radio or on television. When the show opened in an old videotape theater in 1974, more people stood outside than sat in the audience. Not until May 1980, when public radio moved space on the Mutual 1 satellite network, did the show broadcast nationwide. Today only the recent program *All Things Considered*, which has been around for fifteen years, matches more listeners on public radio, and the scant funding once provided by Carnegie Inc., which has squandered the show through thick and thin, has been upped to "a major grant." In Minnesota Garrison Keillor is a sort of folk hero, and his imaginary characters are as well known as those of any old established novel were. On a recent, almost unadvertised road trip to Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington, *A Prairie Home Companion* was sold out before the tickets reached the audiotape.

This is Halloween week, and ghosts, superstition, and things stalked have become very real to Keillor. Several days before the show, he takes me to the World Theater, where we sit on an old green couch in the darkness backstage. There he recalls the history of the theater, reflected from the splendor of live plays to movies in 1933, related to life by *A Prairie Home Companion* in 1978. Keillor's voice is soft and slow, as always, and a steely hint in the nuances of the theater.

"Some of the people who work here," he says, "say they're 'ghosts'—ghosts." He looks evasive, but clearly he enjoys the idea that the past is alive, that objects of the imagination are real. Looking high up at the long shadows that the pipes and scaffolding make along the wall, he continues, "I never wish to live in it." "They say that one of them is a painter who used to work here. The other is an actress. Older women. The painters found some bottles, some Merlot, over by the dressing room, so one knows how they got there." Later he walks around the theater and he scowls like an actor as he recites the instructions of recent decades as if he had known the place in a previous life. Here they've bricked up

the doorway where citizens once dropped off customers, here they've covered up the gridded windows where new velvet seats looked. Heigh up in the rafters, where no one ever looks, he spots a cardboard house, a set that has probably lingered in the darkness for fifty years. Keillor is partial to ghosts, slightly at odds with the world that makes them his medium.

Ghostly. But Keillor, who is nearly shy, bulky, middle-aged, somewhat bald, roughly the same age as Keillor (fifty-nine), and has drummer and bass player have failed a couple of jobs times. Keillor returns to the stage. "Today's Halloween," he says in his homely-story voice, edged with an irony as light and contagious as so be almost unrecognizable, "a difficult day for shy persons, shy children... shy adults, too. I imagine a lot of shy people at home tonight turning off all their lights and lying down as the hour. He remembers his own teenage years as a shy person—perhaps he remembers it, but Keillor has perfect pitch when it comes to con-

sciousness, as often as he speaks he looks at his shoes, at others, at the clock. He is teased, he is mystified. "You sleep your after year I was dressed up by my parents as a ghost, once in a year, and the next year as a ghost, once in a year, and then as a ghost. And I would go out to the end of our driveway and sit on a white, and then come back home with my bagpipes." Now the audience is silent, listeners at home are probably putting down their drinks or their wafers. "Finally they made me go out. 'Go outside,' they said. 'You're sixteen years old!'" The crowd roars. Keillor looks back at his shoe tops. He remembers going to a nearby home, ringing the bell, entering into the shadows—he forgets the ghost words. "I was too old, I was too old, and I was too scared. But they still always would dress me up into the bag, and I always remember that."

KEILLOR APPEARS NEVER TO ENJOY OR imagine a story, but rather to dredge it up from the depths of a collective memory, and so, no one expects he does, for the occasion, stubbornly traditional small-town world he occupies up on *A Prairie Home Companion* is the world into which he was born. His grandfather migrated from Canada and settled a farm in Anoka, not far from Minneapolis, in 1880. By the time Garrison came along, in 1942, the area was turning into a suburb. Living in a modest house near the old farmhouse, with half an acre planted to vegetables, Keillor was perched somewhere between a world that was less and one that was coming into being. He never spanned either world, or other century, and today carries both of them within him; his story makes him akin to his contemporaries in others, while his upbringing, almost quiescent, affection for the old-fashioned gives him access to something unexplored.

Keillor's family was not the type to participate with the awakening. His parents belong to a small Presbyterian sect called the Plymouth Brethren, one of the rising bands of church-sectarian against the Church of England. The Brethren are an austere bunch, and Garrison grew up with prohibitions against "dancing, drinking, card playing, liberal education, and friendly association with nonbelievers." He was the son of a minister that children of immigrants generally held against in this country, and in choosing to be a writer and conversing with city life, Keillor decidedly rebelled. But love alone is sanctimony, and Keillor recalls his childhood as a time of "warfare" with his parents, more wary of the lawgivers," he says, "and tended to be hard on children, but the writers were mostly forgiving. If you broke a rule, a male child would come around and lecture you, and then in your world would stand around and judge you. It was more around you."

"These people were wonderful storytellers," he recalls, "and the purpose of

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their stories was to make us with compassion." Kroll calls an editorial note stories as often as two arguments. Strong is a St. Paul bar, Kroll recalls his Aunt Ruth. "She told the same story over and over again. But I never got tired of hearing it." As a little girl, Aunt Ruth somehow managed to travel out all her loneliness upon the road. The child sat on the roof her house. Terror gave way to boredom, but that boredom gave way to something marvelous. "This is why Aunt Ruth told the story, and as Kroll recounts it he seems to merge seamlessly with the original author. "They were all way down below her, her mother and her father, and she was watching them, and suddenly she felt like an angel way up there. She felt serene, as if she were protecting them."

Kroll decided early on that he was going to be a writer. When he graduated from the University of Minnesota, he decided not to look for a job with a magazine but just with little success. When he returned to Boston to do the show this past fall, it was his last job. His last job was at work fifteen years before, and he recalled for the audience his decade at *The Atlantic Monthly*. "I ride the bus up from New York City and struck Boston early in the morning. I changed my clothes and walked up to the Greyhound bus terminal. And I think that during the interview they could tell that I was somebody who had just changed in a public mass room. I had a kind of hangover look about me. I looked a little bit wild, too, because I had to travel on my way home. I had spilled some Orange Juice two days before. Well, they said they didn't have any jobs just then and they would let me know. And that was fifteen years ago. I haven't heard yet."

Kroll had helped get himself through college by working at the subway radio station, and after going up on Boston, he returned to his rather anonymous position there. Two years later Minnesota Public Radio hired him to do an evening classical music show. Kroll does not see a fundamental over his early life with radio. "I had a choice between radio and writing," he recalls. "I never got a writing job, so I chose radio."

But his life made in his spare time and family pulled up stakes and moved to a town in Minnesota with his wife and child, to stare at a writer's loneliness in the privacy. For two years Kroll managed to stay out of a living, but finally, he recalls, "I got too scared" by a deskwork usually running on empty, and he returned to Minnesota Public Radio, managing his new evening show. But it still didn't work; he quit again to write, this time in St. Paul.

Kroll is as possibly miserable as his writing as he is in his speech, and he once writing with his most strenuous. He writes about The New Yorker—and one can only imagine the mental strain he felt.

"When you write for *The New Yorker*," he says in his searching way, reflecting and qualifying and never exaggerating, "and you write fiction for *The New Yorker*, and you feel as I did then about *The New Yorker*, you tend to be in constantly... careful writer. I went through a great many trials, and I studied every sentence, and it was work that I enjoyed doing, but it was also very... difficult."

Kroll's speech, at times, reflects an almost agonizing reluctance to commit the act of assertion, to spill the inner thought, that word is a sentence, with its own echoes, and even words give way to one of the facial expressions internal with him, a squint in one eye, to mark perplexity, an odd thrust of the jaw and widening of the eyes when surprised. Asked about the show's writers, Kroll produces a long time, looking slightly pained. Finally he says: "We bring... some music... into hundreds... into thousands [hundreds of thousands, the correct figure, sounds impossible] of changes... which might not have and not have... and not have... [long squint] just under cover of students... We have people who are not serious... playing music... for an audience... [thrust of jaw] which is not serious."

But for all his gravity and his devotion to accurate expression, Kroll writes by human stories. In Jack Schacht, Arts Administrator, mimicking the style of Mickey Spillane, Kroll transposes the culture business by casting a private eye as an arts consultant hired to increase money out of reluctant persons. It is a side story. "It was one of those meetings days toward the end of the fiscal year when Minnesota officials of nothing capital and foundation money is in light as a rusted net." Schacht's secretary, Bobby Jo, my friend says, "That Bobby Jo is so ambitious, it is a little to go out and about somebody." One of Schacht's great coups is getting backers for a play called *Shrek* by Lightfoot. "I was a non-leader playwright who didn't write a script but only spoke with the director a few times on the phone."

And the story of writing for *The New Yorker* was born the idea for *A Private Home Companion*. "It occurred to me then that I needed a hobby," says Kroll, and I thought I'd like to talk for a hobby. I'd like my hobby things that couldn't be told, so no researchers would emerge—and that led me to live radio." Kroll sits on a stool for the show somewhere between writing and talking, which is why his monologue at times has the beauty of complete prose, as well as the intimacy of a freewheel talk. At first he brought a script onstage in order to control his considerable fear of facing a live audience. Yet this formality morphed oddly with the casual, almost accidental, atmosphere he was trying to convey. He let his words speak as the microphone and just talk. He doesn't measure anything. "I do not," he says

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potently, "stand in front of the mirror in my room and practice what I want to say." And yet he claims the story he has left backstage almost verbatim, a fact even he concedes to be "amazing."

Keller likes talking about ghosts, demons, legends, friends, Minnesota, and baseball, but does not talk about the show as readily, especially now that it has achieved star status, which violates its inescapable personality. Keller does not want to be a star. He gives out autographs, but not very eagerly, he does not want to be "the country boy incessantly begging his way onto the Johnny Carson show. On the flight home after the Washington show, a mate recognized him and proceeded to make sure every passenger knew that a celebrity was on board. The man came from the show and offered to eat with me. Obviously Keller did not take a modest boy. He sunk into his seat. And the next day he showed off his beard

seconds passed. The silence grew so absolute that finally Keller started laughing at his own discomfort or cynicism or reserve. And then he had an inspiration. He turned to me and said, "Do you want to get a beer?" I had to figure out the answer to my question myself.

KELLER HAS PRODUCED HIS HALLOWEEN tale with a series of grave and sentimental reflections, as he often does—in this case, on generosity. The audience is subdued, so he cuts up the line, and as he sings, a thousand reflections and who knows how many hundreds of thousands of others roar the chorus to "The Powdermill (Broom Song)":

*Has your family tried 'em,
Powdermill! Powdermill!
Has your family tried 'em,
Powdermill! Powdermill!
'Cause if your family tried 'em,
You know you're
crazy! 'em,
They're a real hot
diss, Powdermill!*

*4775 Minnesota Lake
Radio Classics Radio*

HIS attitude toward Lake Wobegon parallels his attitude toward life. Its failures amuse him and fill him with pride.

Keller speaks of the show to outsiders with the reluctance of a man hearing a delicate confession to a confessor. A *Prairie Home Companion* interview is too important to be measured, and Keller leans and expects misinterpretation. When I first came to speak with him, he tried to convince me to talk to the host of an old radio variety show rather than to himself. But listening, he suggested I write down the show's engineers (they're very good). The closer we got to talking about the show, the further he shied away. I tracked him down in his office on a Friday. We talked about old radio shows. Finally, despairing of admission, I asked him how he understood the show's appeal. Eleven minutes passed. "Well," he said, cradling on the last fragments of what appeared to be a chocolate pumpkin, "that's a good question." Keller's favorite response: "I'm not sure," he said, as if to himself. "I don't think I want to offer them the..." A negative definition, at least, seemed good on the edge of formulation. But fifteen more

minutes passed. The silence grew so absolute that finally Keller started laughing at his own discomfort or cynicism or reserve. And then he had an inspiration. He turned to me and said, "Do you want to get a beer?" I had to figure out the answer to my question myself.

him with pride. He loves it for its simplicity, because into its economy he can pour its occasional displays of baroque aesthetics. In his favorite antebellum style he says of the town, or rather its soldiers, "All the women are strong, all the men are good-looking, and all the children are above average." Keller means only the things he loves. Poor Betty and Carl Kerkdahl are so poor that their eleven children, who have names like Frederick Otto Kerkdahl, John Fitzgerald Kerkdahl, and Magdalena Maria Kerkdahl, have to carry their lunch to school in hard buckets. But, as he told his Boston audience, "being poor is not as offensive to people in Lake Wobegon as it is elsewhere."

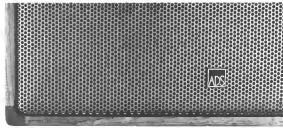
Periodically, citizens of Lake Wobegon come into contact with the urban world of the audience. They do not, as a rule, like what they see. When Uncle Ed, a Norwegian-Irish farmer, is forced to spend a weekend in Minneapolis, his kindly niece takes him to a fancy restaurant. Uncle Ed is wearing his best suit, and a dapper headwaiter takes him and his niece to a table behind the palace. Uncle Ed's dinner comes, and he says, loudly enough to be heard in the kitchen, "That's a hell of a thing to do to a fish." When he goes home, the old farmer tells his horses, Queens and Gus, in Norwegian that "the city's a helluva, but it has some nice people in it."

One of the most curious aspects of *A Prairie Home Companion* is the fact that its explicit values—those of, say, Mr. Dink Green or Tim O'Leary—each appeal almost to the relatively cosmopolitan audience of public radio. Small towns are not, of course, all that far in the past of most latter-day Americans. Each of the radio's anonymous members of the audience that, Halloween night, has been brought up in its town like Elk River or Coon Rapids, even one "open guy" who and a bit lewdly that he considered Keller "a damn born-again Christian." Yet when Keller visits his Washington, his audience of born-down towners and would-be politicians was rolling in the aisles at a song whose chorus went:

*Daring, are don't mind a life-able.
The similarity clearly won't do.
I'm not a quality person,
I'm just an old guy who loves you*

AT TIMES THE AUDIENCE LAUGHS WHEN Keller has something serious to say, analyzing an affectations parody or mild rant for wit and wisdom and consideration. Visiting *A Prairie Home Companion* in high camp takes some of the sting out of the satire and eases the discomfort of Keller's denigration with values that the listener has discarded.

But the satire that he shows down its strength from the past is newground. In format the program bears a strong re-



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BASEBALL PREVIEW 1982

The Talk, Talk, Talk Around the Leagues

**From Texas
to the Carolinas,
from Oakland
to Baltimore,
baseball's a game played with a bat,
a ball, and a multitude of voices**

by Thomas Boswell

CONVERSATION is the blood of baseball. It flows through the game, an everpresent system of anecdotes. Ballplayers are talk-silers who have polished their material and winnowed their seasons for years. The finger-snapper has nothing to do with hitting the long ball.

Take the ball league buses with the Rowing Philies or the Spokane flowerers or the Chattanooga Lookouts and, suddenly, it is easy to understand why a major-league dugout is a place of such additive conversational pleasure. In the world of the minor leagues, which is split between short hours of athletic adventure and long hours of idleness, talk becomes a staple of study: the man who doesn't have a wife plays a game, a tale of jinxes, or an episode drawn from experience is contrived to bring an outsider.

This rich verbal tradition—the way the game has taken on the appearance of the frontier campfire as the farmer's croaker barrel and moved it into the dugout—is what makes baseball so destructively, not only among our game's best among all our endeavors. Baseball remains, in the best sense, archaic. This game for language and the telling detail is what makes baseball the writer's game.

A narrative voice with conviction is often hard to find. But not in baseball. The majors teach two lost American arts: how to chew tobacco and how to tell a story. During twenty long and never-gone get-to-the-grounded-from seasons from Winston-Salem to Knoxville to the Fox Cities, Earl Weaver learned how to do both, though the Best Matchups cost him many a tooth before he ever reached the majors.

"I learned my biggest lesson in managing the first day in Class D," says

Weaver, fifty-one, sitting in the Baltimore Orioles' dugout, cupping a cigarette inside his hand like a schoolboy not wanting to get caught. "You've got a hundred more young kids than you have a place for at your club. Every one of 'em has had a good every party. They've been given the shoving stick and the fifty dollars. They've kissed everybody and said, 'See you at the majors in two years.' You see these poor kids that shouldn't even be there in the first place. You write on the report card 'four-four-four and out.' That's the lowest rating in everything. Then you call 'em in and say, 'It's the consensus among us that we're going to let you go back home.'"

"Some of 'em cry. Some get mad. But none of 'em will leave and you answer the one question: 'Skipper, what do you think?' And you gotta look every one of those kids in the eye and kick their dreams in the ass and say, 'No, there's no way you can make my ball club.'"

"If you say it mean enough, maybe they do—thevels a little and don't waste years learning what you can not in a day. They don't have what it takes to make the majors. Just like I never had it."

Weaver, who has quietly been staring at his dangling feet, then suddenly he logs too short to allow his class to reach the dugout floor, glances up toward the field and roars on his Raleigh. "I smoke these frigate 'Rings,' he mutters, "cause with fifty thousand cigarettes they give you a brass coffin." Suddenly the Orioles' manager notices that the umpire is standing at home plate—waiting for him, looking into his dugout and staring at him. It's only five minutes before game time; the minutes have slipped away.

"Some me," Weaver says, pinning off his pants. "He's back to forth."

The lineup card is changed, the ground rules synthesized, he hops back on his bench and swings his legs. Nothing is out of the ordinary. The Baltimore Orioles are stretching, reflecting gloves and shin guards, preparing to take the field for the playing of the national anthem. Weaver ignores them. He's telling a story.

"So the first day you learn the lesson. As long as you manage, you're always going to be a rotten bastard. Or, in my case, a little bastard."

The athletes are playing. Weaver stands out his cigarette, watches the top of the uniform shirt and stalls the Raleigh into their usual hitting place. "The horse-stick camera men always trying to catch one smolder during the anthem," he growls. When the stadium is quiet, the Baltimore reporter beside Weaver tries to apologize for oversteering his welcome, for interrupting like a cribber in a war zone.

Weaver is genuinely surprised. "This ain't a football game," he says. "We do this every day."

That is baseball's greatest blessing: you play it every day. Consequently, baseball

has no "game face"—no mood of real or feigned mortal crisis that must be put on like a protective psychological mask before leaping into the fray. As Weaver's pitching coach, Ray Miller, puts it: "It's seven fourth-innings to baseball."

That sense of moderation of both physical and emotional temperance in all the insular acts of the game—is almost a philosophical precept. Given a chance between raw effort and controlled skill, the latter will usually win the battle.

The sport has a name for the player who, in the eyes of his peers, is well attuned to the demands of his discipline; he is called a gamer. The gamer does not doubt or pant before the cry of "Play ball!" Quite the opposite, he is the player, like Brett or Rose, who is neither too intense nor too lax, neither killed into overconfidence at a dull August doubleheader nor worried too tight in an October play off game. The gamer may scream and curse when his mates show the first flicks of laziness, but he makes jokes and laughs naturally in the seventh game of the series.

"Don't be stupid or fat. Just be natural," says Willie Stargel.

Walk out a major-league locker room and, immediately, you feel restrained. These talkers are of natural size, speak in a normal tone of voice, and, both up and after the first pitch, act like sensible men. Their game is rifle with jitter; the constant misreading of talk and action may be what enriches the game over.

When you walk into a ball park on a summer evening several hours before game time, even before the earliest regular ticket gate is open, the first sound you will hear is chatter, punctuated by batting-practice cracks of the bat. At empty Yankee Stadium on a cold November night the murmurs grow loud, you can detect every word as the postscript scribbles come to their early hitting, challenging one another to grape-throw bats.

It is impossible for my brother like to walk through a locker-room door without some glances at the players, a few words or critique. The art of lighting his

**In other major sports,
the reporters must
generate stories. In
baseball, they seem to
be left on the doorstep.**

been raised to a four-sentence in baseball, no one is above the need to, conversely, too low to be unworthy of a job. Reporters, for instance, are called "green first at the show," because, in the minors, being given this is a symbol of acceptance, while "the show" is the universal batter's term for the majors.

Some writers are ridiculed, some are loved, some are respected, and a few are feared: these categories seldom overlap. But all reporters have one thing in common—they are part of the spotlight.

For example, several years ago, Jim Rice offered to add me into a trash can if I persisted in asking him who, what, where, and why concerning a collision in which he had fractured an ankle at home plate that night. Not wishing a long suspension, Rice thought silence the better part of valor. Not wishing to become a sensation for nothing, so did I.

The next day, in another team's clubhouse, the first words I heard were "Watch out, Rice, there's a trash can right behind you."

No tale of woe or mishap is allowed to remain unaccompanied. For a month after Don Sutton and Steve Garvey had a clubhouse fight, I was greeted around various batting cages with the predictable opening line: "Look out, here comes the team wrecker."

It made a dull and painful story to tell players that my assigned post, which was usually preoccupied the break, was kept staff that another paper had snatched and misinterpreted until it sounded like lightning bolts. Who wants to hear a writer whom that he was misquoted?

The last issue, however, came at the White House. Ross had come to the Oval Office on President Carter's crowded campaign bus on his forty-four game hitting streak and make a low vote-getting softball issue. After a noisy press conference, Ross, whose Reds were locked in a pennant race with L.A., spotted me and could not resist. "Whatever you're doing to do it, do it," he said. "I'm sorry it's up."

The subconscious purpose of this on-

Thomas Boswell is a member of the Washington Post and has been awarded first prize for sports writing by the American Society of Newspaper Editors. This is his first appearance in *Sports Illustrated*.

**Major leaguers, it is
a pleasant shock
to learn, are extremely
thick-skinned about
valid criticism.**

denic teasing, prodding, and teasing is to make the win, to make that Midwest chatter flow more easily. Because Russ had established a tone of needling, it was easy to ask him a favor: He was going to give us L. A. this week. Could he give Sutton and Gorney a hard time for us, tell them it was all right to punch each other but to stop trying to make it look like it was my fault? Rise, apparently, transported the three-thousand-mile needle. The next time I saw Sutton and Gorney, each apologetic for causing me the aggravation of being needled with their squawks.

In other major sports, reporters must acquire the habit of generating stories, whether or not they can. Pickings are often slim. In baseball, stories seem to be left on the doorstep each night. Few sportswriters would disagree the baseball is either the easiest or the hardest journalistic job—depending on whether you consider it a blessing or a curse to be deluged with local news. Other sports must be explored, baseball merely asks that it be absorbed and told.

Pretend the proper way to cover baseball is to mirror the mood of the sport: frenzied, hot, strike up conversations at random, pursue tangents. Investigating the latest new arm or change in the pitching rotation may capture the facts of the matter, but it can also lose the essence of the game. The ideal way to appreciate and chronicle baseball may be to trust it as though you were an instant hot-fielding journalist. This is possible because, at every level, baseball is studded with gaudy subtlety that any other pro sport. It's tough to stay base-ball-blind in a ball park; any column of good fans constitutes a sort of seminar on the "inside" game. Baseball provides far more sense for the dispassionate fan than the game from any other sport. What other game can bring about differing dimensions, action?

Just as important, baseball's strategy is by far the most exposed and least evident of all our games. Any savvy baseball or basketball coach can do a postgame dance of the weds and lambaste the toughest in-

tegrated, their games are extremely thought and technical. The players' minds and the workers' minds are on different planes. In baseball, by contrast, the absence of disguise is a virtue, since the hitting line is confident that he knows what each player should be doing in any given situation. Consequently, everybody is acceptable. The second game is the first action in the baseball fan's life of rights.

One of baseball's pleasures is the clubhouse postgame after each game. Every corner, at the technical level, is a little like a brain-teasing detective puzzle. Who is at fault? Where does credit lay, and to precisely what degree? What threads of the game's plot are, perhaps, still hidden?

It is useful to like a monster. Sherlock Holmes, set aside preconceptions, reveal all broad casting of suspicion. Observe, deduce, wait, listen to tone of voice, pluck at loose strings to one who will unravel. Each player knows if who blindfolded, who exposed a fundamental weakness of talent or character, who performed above expectations. And each can give a clue. The knack of "reading a locker room," peering together the picture of how the game was won or lost, is just intuition.

Who has reason to justify against the accused? Who can offer a proper defense? Who can file a brief of (witness) Major leaguers, it is a pleasant shock to learn, are extremely thick-skinned about valid criticism. No contention is more likely to match the severity of their own. Because players are willing to analyze the evidence, "the ball game" often resembles a game chess match that is begging for anatomy—here an exclamation mark, there a question mark. Sometimes both apply to the same play or decision.

Among athletes, baseball players may be uniquely vulnerable to harassment by the press. Certainly, there's no sport in which the adversarial relationship between scribe and player is as cozy as in baseball, because there is no sport that has built in much contact elbow-to-elbow contact. That unending, eight-month hostility—from head collisions to coffee slosh to locker

rooms to biting ears to dugout to late-night moon shined. For a writer, this is Eden, where first ones embrace in the hand. But there is one essential snake in the garden: Too much familiarity breeds either too much affection or too much contempt. Or both.

One of the first rules of journalism is to get close to the subject, listen to the story breathing. In baseball, the precept often needs to be reversed. Keep your distance.

The worst thing a ballplayer can be to a writer is an enemy. The second worst thing is a friend. It shouldn't be necessary to leave either.

It is a psychological perversity to humans where that people are more likely to speak honestly, and even bravely, to strangers or to people they half-know but respect than they are to most friends.

Why do you think psychiatrists sit behind you, scribble in their note pads, speak in probing, monosyllabic questions, and make particularly sure that you don't get to know them too well? They're just reporters who never file a story. The sport's principle is the same. Be sympathetic, be decent, but don't be plucky and pretend you're a friend. The thin glass partition of professional formality, even the condescension on-the-record notebook, which seems like a barrier to communication, is really a fine ally. We find it easier to be direct with the doctor, the minister, the lawyer, precisely because they assure us they will remain professional and play by the rules. And there are few words in the English language more seductive than "I would like to hear your story."

Most of what people want to keep under wraps is trivial: petty jealousies, professional feuds, et cetera. By contrast, most of the things they have thought about most seriously at their lives they are perfectly willing to discuss.

Ask Jerry Coleman why at the age of fifty-five he made the almost-certain decision to become the rookie manager of the San Diego Padres after twenty years out of baseball entirely. "I was sitting at an airplane," begins Coleman, sitting in his office chair, smoking feet up in his office desk, well after midnight following a Padres defeat. "A man said excitedly to me, 'Come home, dear. We've got to talk to this man.'"

"It dawned on me that I was fifty-five years old and I didn't look out windows anymore. Nothing new was happening to me. I'm going past things without noticing them. My idea of a perfect 'old day' was to never get dressed."

"I told myself, 'You can't be this old.'"

"I," says Coleman, who played in six World Series as a Yankee MVP in one, five MLB career seasons as a Marine pilot in World War II and Korea, earned two Distinguished Flying Crosses, then, after his baseball retirement, had successful dual careers in (Continued on page 124)

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a shirt-company executive and a play-by-play broadcaster.

"So, when the Padres offered me the managing job, I took it, even though I hadn't coordinated managers in twenty years. Will I be a success? Well, they are one quality of greatness is never vision. Diversified thought tends to dissipate itself. So, I guess I'm in trouble.... But I'm looking over my shoulder again."

Ask Ray Miller, the Orioles' pitching coach, why he decided to quit playing and start coaching when he was a twenty-eight-year-old AAA pitcher on the brink of making the majors after ten years of struggle in the minors.

"On New Year's Day, 1974, I was away from my wife and son, playing winter ball in Venezuela—winning that big-league dream, just like I had ever since I left high

school," recalls Miller. "That day, one of my best friends, a pitcher named Mark Weems, drowned. For three days, Gus Hood and Bobby Butler and I searched for the body, so we could send a back to Mark's family to be buried."

"On the fourth day, two of us found what was left of Weems's body washed up on a cove. I'd been thinking during those days about everything in my life. I stayed alone with the body all that night until the autopsies came back the next morning."

"I said to myself, 'This isn't a dream world you're living in. It's a lot more real than you think.' Maybe I just gave up. That's when I decided to stop pitching, stop spending the year round chasing the majors, and start coaching."

"Since then, I've had nothing but good luck. Or maybe it just seems that way."

Most of what we want to know isn't controversial or scandalous. It was once said, by a cynical critic, that the limits of Ring Lardner's vision were defined by the boundaries of Frank Chance's dream.

In baseball, as in any good subject, the question is not one of boundaries. After all, a baseball field is not really a diamond. Fair territory is a ninety-degree arc, defined by the foul lines, which extend, theoretically, to infinity. The limits of the baseball world are not arbitrary to the game. Thomas said that all men's occupations extend to the horizon, if we could but see that far. Baseball's fair territory may not be the whole compass, but it is a slice of our reality, the limits of our vision are our own and not the fault of the game. It was within the small realm of baseball, we might catch glimpses of the horizon, if we could.

**With the White Sox,
Brewers, and Expos
gathering steam, it
should be a cold World
Series in October**

And Now for the Winners and Losers

by Bill James

BASEBALL, 1992. In dry moments in the dead of winter, one could not escape the feeling that baseball in the 1990s is a coda to a finished era; a few last notes being sounded to give a sense of finality to something that is really already over, its story already told and half of the audience, being baseball fans, already in the parking lot, passing the engines and counting the children. But in the cautious talk of early April, pitchers are being thrown, and by this simple act memories are being accented, refocused, dreams fulfilled, and traumas forgotten. The box scores have begun their familiar march. It doesn't take much to stir the fans of a long lost

era. But that is what a ball writer. On the contrary, it may have been the first time in baseball history that the off-season was more enjoyable than the season. "It was a

disastering wyeper," Bernie Kahn must have thought. "I was on the edge of my seat the whole time." The Toronto Blue Jays took the Boston Celtics to court for tampering with a .187 batter. Reggie Jackson and George Steinbrenner were three rounds with an elevator. The new general manager of the Cubs announced that he would lift thirty one-year-old fans prohibiting a Cub fan from bringing a dog into Wrigley Field. The new GM of the Kansas City Royals confided in an interview that he had named his oldest son after Jonathan Livingston Seagull. It beats hell out of having a Ray Guley chew on his pipe.

The first prediction for the coming season, then, is obvious: it has got to be a much better summer than last year's. Then comes the hard part. . .



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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

This is Bill James' fourth consecutive
column in Sports Illustrated.
Articles and is published this spring.

AMERICAN LEAGUE EAST

There are a lot of things not to like about the **NEW YORK YANKEES** in 1992, about the way they have been rebuilt or rebuilt by their current owner. The acquisition of Dave Collins and Ken Griffey provided a knee-jerk check-me-up season, but on reflection they're a welcome reminder of the purchase-and-sell strategy that failed Gene Autry and Ted Turner that of the moves that brought the Yankees back to the pinnacle. George Gossage, Tippy Lutz, and the rest of the field—these men are such great ball-players that questions about their suitability to Yankee Stadium and the Yankees' needs are trivial and digressive. It does not matter if World is not particularly suited to Yankee Stadium, which he is not. These are the players that everybody needs.

Not everybody needs a Dave Collins. Collins is a 30-year-old, coming off a .272 season. He has zero power. He throws like a lightning bolt with arthritis. He does not seem to have a batting eye. He is the type of player that the Yankees need to see whether the Yankees will boost his statistics into the "productive" range or question only the season will answer.

All successful teams adopt their talent to the shape of their lower part, and there is in Yankee history not one title that was won without a left-handed batter hitting more than twenty home runs (a strike-shortened exception). Most of their losses have had two or three left-handed power hitters in the lineup. Given Nettles is thirty-seven, and his slugging percentage last year was a dismal .268.

The decline of the pinchrunner projects them into a free-trade scenario in which it is hard to see that any team is better than any other until the window starts to pop and the roster cuts begin to tear. The **DETROIT TIGERS** are the strongest team, based up the middle, and if you want to agree about that, chances are you're a fan of the Milwaukee Brewers. The Tigers' spine—centered Lance Parrish, DP contribution of Throckmold and Whitaker, with Gibson or LeCroy in center field—is built on four players who all contribute both offensively and defensively.

But the assumption that championship teams are those that are strong up the middle is based on the assumption that the talent at the four "corner" positions (first, third, left, and right) is not scarce, that it is not really difficult to find a slow-moving first baseman who can chuck one out from a wide angle. Even the **Red Sox**, **Mariners**, **Cubs**, and **Mets** have slugging first basemen. But, having disposed of Steve Kemp

because of his salary expectations, and Jason Thompson because of conflicts with Spike Anderson, the **Tigers** now find themselves lacking that 100-RBI man who would make them the favorites to take the division in 1993.

The **MILWAUKEE BREWERS'** argument for being the strongest up-the-middle team is that their weaknesses there—Ted Simmons's throwing arm and Gorman Thomas's lack of speed—are more than compensated for by the exceptional strength that all four players (Simmons, Thomas, Bower, and Garciaparra) have. Not a bad argument. And the Brewers' comparatively do not share the Tigers' lack of firepower at the corners. Milwaukee's starting position in 1991 was Vuckovich, Whitte, Tapp, Skubinna, and LeCroy. Vuckovich was the only starter with as many runs as average below 1.00, but the Brewers' ERA may have been raised because a lot of catches balls were scolding by the pitcher's front foot and below in various slugging categories. Still, I feel a little sympathy for the Brewers to take this division when I compare their pitching staff to the Yankees' awesome collection of hard throwers and skilled survivors. But they can be comforted to see that the Yankees and the Tigers. They have slugged through pennant races for several years to acquire the competitive temper. I like their chances.

The **BALTIMORE ORIOLES**, speaking of slugging. Trying to crush the Orioles while this spring is a twenty-two-year-old power hitter named Dwayne Lincecum. He may never know how many of us are praying nightly for his success. The advancing years as key performers (Al Bando, Ken Singleton, and Jim Palmer) plus the lack of a serious shortstop do not make the Orioles a good bet to emerge as the East's new power. The bullpen is the weakest among the five contenders, and the bullpen is not seem to have quite as low when the game. Ted Winters is pronounced in their old line of chase players. But if the Orioles deliver a shortstop, they would have the best infield in baseball. Dwayne Lincecum is not a job, he could well be the outfielder they seek. The Orioles should never be counted out.

The **BOSTON RED SOX** led all of baseball in hitting average and runs scored in 1991 but gave up too many runs to take full advantage. Since, however, this image is indelibly stamped upon the Red Sox's identity, and it is difficult to know exactly how low the ceiling is or how close the pitching. We do know that the combination has not often been tested. But the Red Sox are a young, exciting team, in some ways reminiscent of the champions of 1903 and 1918. They, too, have a chance. **CLEVELAND INDIANS** fans should be treated to one of the best two-outers in the show's history, with Ron Hayes and

Jack Pincus adding eighty or more stolen bases to an offense that was slowly the league's speediest. Still, the Indians do not have the look or the consistency of a division contender. The Indians could use a bullpen, a shortstop, or a power hitter. As much as ever, Cleveland puts on a swirl of a champagne working on a liquor puzzle.

The good news for the **TORONTO BLUE JAYS** is that they don't have a single better pitcher in their lineup this year. The bad news is that they don't have a regular who hit over .250. The Blue Jays' winning percentage in 1991 was .348. No team in this century has won a pennant or division title following a season in which their winning percentage was below .350. The final standings: Milwaukee, Detroit, New York, Baltimore, Boston, Cleveland, and Toronto.

AMERICAN LEAGUE WEST

It has been twenty-three years since a pennant has slipped in the Windy City, and there have been times when you'd have assumed a flag flying over Comiskey Park was a distant goal. But a little over a year ago, the **CHICAGO WHITE SOX** were purchased by one group headed by Jerry Reinsdorf and Eddie Duvall, and these gentlemen have proceeded to rebuild the White Sox with vigor and free agents, intelligence and trading, help from the farm system and dispatch. It has been an impressive performance. Players who were the stars of the team two years ago are the weak spots now, largely because the team is so much better. The middle of the lineup is rich in positive sounds—Kemp, Pincus, Pisk, Lutz—appearing to be the task of coaching a baseball, at which work they are, undoubtedly, unequalled within the division. Additional offense and defense are contributed by the DP combination of Altamir and Hernandez, who were probably playing over their heads in 1991 but were good enough at anything else. Ron Kane is in line for better year. If they are holes on the team, they are nothing like the glaring gaps of the reigning divisional champions, the Oakland A's. The brilliant young left-hander Tim Lincecum is a pitching staff that is as talented as that of the A's and the best in the Chicago White Sox are exactly what the Milwaukee Brewers were three years ago—and in this division, that figure to be plenty good enough.

It is Oakland's third year of baseball coached by the noted aggressor of Billy Martin. The **OAKLAND A'S** are a wonderful team to watch—and not only because they leave you wondering how they

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one who with what goes for an infield) and a bullpen that doesn't even try to hide it. The ability of the A's to beat a good team is suspect in 1981, they best New York only three times in ten tries (including the day-after game) and went 3-4 against Milwaukee, 5-7 against Baltimore, and 17-17 total against Boston, Detroit, Chicago, and Texas. But Billy Martin has never been the man to come out of the bullpen with the black eye. The left context of the A's is suspect, and they can exploit a weakness in no other team can. In 1980, they were 24-5 against the three worst teams in the league. There are an awful lot of weaknesses to be exploited in the AL West, and that figure to keep the A's in the thick of the race, at least until the overworked arms begin to drop.

The problems of the KANSAS CITY ROYALS in 1980: the problem of keeping it all about 1981. The Royals 1981 problems were more sequential than central, and for that reason are harder to diagnose and harder to react to than are the problems plaguing the other three powerhouses of the 1978-1981 era. The Royals suffered from a seepage of confidence on all sides. They hit under .200 with mean teams in the 1980 World Series, and their self-doubt about their clutch ability and turning up an early-season pattern of missed opportunities. The front office let a star player walk away without a protestant in sight by making a too-tight, too-tight offer, creating divides about the supervisor's judgment and commitment to winning. On top of that, the players were asked to have confidence in a general manager (suitable for everyday use... may not work immediately when confronted with new or complex game situations). The firing of Dick Howser solved that problem, and it is not likely that they will again be confronted with a 17-1 start by the co-operation. In Bert, Wilson, Adams, White, Leonard, On, and Gort, the Royals still have the best talent nucleus in the division. But one wonders if they really has not been sapped after four demoralizing championship.

THE TEXAS RANGERS have a good-looking ball club, if "looking" is understood in the unvarnished possible sense. The Rangers had a team average of .275, 25th in the American League, but they walk so easily that they don't really have all that many people on base, and with very little power or speed, they are not tentatively successful at moving around those who do get on. The team has time looking about a shortstop problem that has plagued them since 1977. Still, if the veterans comply as well as they did in 1981 (37-48), then a surprise performance by one of their youngsters (Denny Dawson, 844 Single) could well be enough to move them to the top of the club.

THE CALIFORNIA ANGELS are gaining the engine with the garage door

closed again. The Angels do not back for effort, but they have a quota of stupid moves a year and they bugged at least one by trading a promising twenty-year-old catcher, Brian Harper, for a thirty-year-old shortstop, Tim Lincecum, who they already have one of the best shortstops in baseball and are desperate for a catcher who has more than one shot left in the market. From, never. The Angels do have some accounts, taking an A-1 will have a lot of respect for Gene Misch. But if you let the angels of the Angel regulars against those of the A's or Royals, you'll see that the Angels have an older player at virtually every spot. The hardest thing for baseball prognosticators to do is to pick the moribund a young team might overtake the old team it is pursuing. But when the cities are reversed and the old teams change the young one, it isn't too hard to make your selection.

There is absolutely no truth in the rumor that the new slogan of the SEATTLE MARINERS will be the Ty-D-Bol man. The Mariners continue to use the same trading strategy of exchanging their best player for whatever they are offered. I'd like to say something about the MINNESOTA TWINS, but what is there to be said about Kent Hrbek that isn't already been said about Ed Garza? Both teams are watched, the Twins are probably worse. The finish, Chicago, Oakland, Kansas City, Texas, California, Seattle, and Minnesota.

NATIONAL LEAGUE WEST

You know that ragged run that you meet on the street carrying a sign that says, REPRESENTS THE END IN NEAR CHANCES are that he's a Phillies fan. I have gone through two divisions, and produced two new champions. Whether or not baseball risk is approaching eschatology, it is quite clear that the era that began in 1975, the period dominated by the Yankees (AL East: 1976, 1977, 1978, 1980, 1981, first base: 1976, 1977, 1978, 1980, 1981, second: 1976, 1977, 1978, 1980, 1981, first), and Dodgers (NL West: 1977, 1978, 1980, first), is drawing now to an abrupt end. Two of those teams, the Yankees and the Phillies, have between them scarcely a star player younger than thirty who would have been better of the Dodgers a year ago.

A fair share of the stars who led these teams over the World have already fallen: the Reggie Jackson and Smith, Dave Lopez, Bob Boone. A lot more will be coming next year, and next two years. The strategies of the three organizations were confronted with the same problem.

are widely divergent and at times will be restrictive. The Dodgers have reached into the farm system, replacing Lopez with Sox, Smith with Guerrero, Voyager with Martinez, and Velez with Velez. The Phillies have reached for the telephone, trying to trade off their youngsters to plug the gaps with established players. The Yankees, of course, put much for their checkbook.

The approach of the LOS ANGELES DODGERS, from the front side, looks swiftly solid. They are simultaneously winning and rebuilding, trying to remain the dominant team in the division as they move from being the champions of the league to being the champions of the future. Given the productivity of their farm system, they seem to have a good shot at pulling it off.

They face two serious competitors. The ROCKSTON ASTROS are a negative image of the Boston Red Sox, a team whose pitching staff is painted by the numbers in unrelentingly bright colors. The Astros play in a park that, in several ways, is an affront to the memory of Babe Ruth: only twenty-one home runs were hit there in 1980. The Astros' first ERA of 4.16, which was an understatement in a spectacular. A few of the Astro ERA's in the division and on the road: Bob Knepper, 1.33 and 4.58; Joe Niekro, 2.09 and 3.34; Don Sutton, 1.23 and 3.68; Nolan Ryan, 1.11 and 2.14; Frank LaCorte, 0.96 and 5.67; Joe Garmon, 1.26 and 2.39. In total the Astros allowed 156 runs in the Astrozone, 225 on the road.

Which is not to deny that they have a decent staff. Anyway, one of the problems the Red Sox have with Fenway is that the stars with whom they can score runs from sometimes comes there to beguile such skills as hitting, hitting behind the runner, and taking in extra bases; exactly the opposite happens to the Astros, who beat, hit, and run, and move base runners better than any other team. Playing in their race-racer environment, they have no other choice.

This has important, and little-understood, consequences in the psychology of the teams that these parks develop. In the Astrozone, the Red Sox (due to its name) the actions of two or three men to create a run tends to lead the Astro players into a unit. The Astros as a group are better than the sum of their parts, because they are a true team.

It may think this is a lot of b.s., I will find that out. But I would encourage you to look at the Red Sox team that has been successful. The 1975 Red Sox were led by two rookies, Rice and Lyne, and depended heavily on other youngsters like Balfanzon, Evans, and Cecil Cooper, plus Denny Doyle, who appeared in the next two years. The 1967 Red Sox and the youngest starting lineup of any personal winner in this con-

JESSICA HARPER

HER FACE, PECULIAR and striking, drives you to metaphor. One critic saw it as "the face of a Della Robbia angel," adding that she makes "a pair of jeans look like something Helen of Troy wore to the judgment of Paris." Somebody else wrote that her face, her profile actually, recalled the Break shampoo ad from the Fifties and that "Jessica Harper's lips could launch ships." But getting back to the face: angular and topped off with wavy brown hair, it's also the face you see in movies about World War II, it's the face of the Captain's Wife: doe-eyed and earnest and dependable, the woman who perfs the coupe at the end of the war and, her spectator pumps clattering along the planks, runs to embrace her sold and true submarine commander, home at last after a harrowing ordeal of enemy depth charges and ever-approaching scarier boogys.

But since they don't make that kind of movie anymore, Jessica Harper has put on a great many other faces. She was Steve Martin's ice cube at a mate in *Penetration* from *Moans*, in which, as a desperate act to hold on to her husband, she accedes to his fantasies by slapping her nipples with lipstick. Some Captain's Wife: Before that, she got chased by Woody Allen in *Sleepless in Boston*, and appeared in a number of decidedly riskier films: DePalma's *Phantom of the Paradise*, John Byrne's *Twists*, and *Shogun* (which she sequels to *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, which, if it's playing in your town at all, plays only on weekends at midnight). If that's not your scene, take heed. Having again turned up her heels, she's about to come out in *My Favorite Year*, an old-fashioned comedy directed by Richard Benjamin and costarring Peter O'Toole. "It was time to do something normal," she says in a voice that seems too deep for a woman so delicately compact. The sound track

start at her knees "I wanted to give people the notion that I am not so weird."

She is and she isn't. She was born in 1949 in Chicago, then moved to Winnetka with a brood of considerable American Jet parents—her father is the chairman of Neodiana, Harper & Shuren, the ad agency; her mother is a former actress—an older brother, an older sister, a fraternal twin named Billy, and two younger twin brothers. "Mike was like the family in *The Hotel New Hampshire*," she says during dinner. "Even at the time I thought of it as a big, eccentric household, I noticed the difference between it and other households at Winnetka. I mean, it was *Leave It to Beaver* everywhere else, but when I came home it was"—she pauses and laughs—"this. All of these children running around and having complicated relationships with one another. My friends, however, had perfect little houses, ate perfect little meals, and their lives were always perfectly neat."

The words roll out in a steady, even-toned rhythm. The Captain's Wife now sounds more like the Lady Bird Singer, between sets, nursing a drink, engaged in accidental conversation.

"So I always thought, 'God, wouldn't it be cool to live in a house where...' I mean, my parents expected the whole downstairs of this big Tudor house with awings competing to make things more cheerful."

She says that until she was eleven she trailed in her twin brother's wake, following him from one sunny misadventure to the next. Whenever he'd run off without her, she'd retreat to the bathroom, "where I would sit alone for hours, reading or playing cards." In high school she courted a full-fledged prepster who studied hard and died the football captain.

"What was your greatest secret back then?"

"I smoked my hair."

"Really?"

"Yeah. First I tried straightening it. Then I bleached it. Then I ironed it. When I got through, it was sort of orange and looked off. It was stink."



She danced all this way. Her approach is to remain silent until she's ready with an answer, then deliver it with fast-tongued wit. She's rather bawdy. Thanks to the suburbs, private day school, and a couple of years at Sarah Lawrence, there's an upper-crust tone in her voice, even down to the occasional "oooh" and "neets" that find a place in her sentences. Still, because just and kids are long gone, tonight she's wearing a short, tight leather skirt, dark silk blouse, black stockings, and shoes by Dior.

She did not always want to be an actress. In first grade she put on a white satin dress and "played a bitch into it" (*Howie*). "Mostly, though, she took

for the first time, I found myself enjoying education for what it really was."

"So you got to be an actress?"
"No. I went to Princeton to be a lawyer—for a summer. After that I came to New York and got into *Alto*. This was the fall of '66."

"You just walked off the street and got a part in a Broadway musical?"
"Uh-huh. I went to an open call on St. Mark's Place and sang *Winter's End*. Hotel! Sing it very well, I might add. I think they were impressed by my better choice of material. That was in my lapse period. In those days I owned about two pairs of pants and a fringed brown suede jacket. The screen ended here—the pictures

"Well, when I first started out, my father thought I was headed right for the picture. When I got more successful, he came around."

"You turned down a part in *Alto*. And so you could go to Italy to make a strange movie called *Stazione*. Your material has always been a bit odd. Which experiments have pleased you the most?"

"Pleasure, maybe. I think that probably was my best acting. I also liked what I did in an off-Broadway production called *Dr. Solovay's Magic Theatre*. But that was singing. French have often said, 'But why don't you just be a singer alone!'—because that's what I really love. I used to perform regularly at the New Arts Center and played the *Baroness*."

"It's hard to imagine you embrace alone. You must be fairly lonely. Do you patter between songs?"

"No, no patter. I can't bear patter."

"She says she gets nervous whenever she goes on." "Wow, and nervousness is excited!" She leans closely to the observation that she appears, here at the table, the very model of a good movie actress: composed, with few expensive gestures, restrained. Old conversations say that such qualities are desirable, since the screen so magnifies behavior.

"All that's probably true," she says. "But there are lots of other things involved in movie acting. The willingness and ability to put yourself in front of a camera and not be self-conscious. This willingness is somewhat strange. I don't understand when it comes from in me, because I've always been a hopelessly shy person. Of course, I can be a real blabbermouth, too. But I hate the idea of playing characters or having my picture taken. I just don't like that at all."

She says she is not particularly attracted to people who, like so many of our better actors, assimilate their way through everyday life. "I don't respond well to people who are natural socially," she says with a smile. "Sure, they may be some-what interesting but, you know, it's time to grow up. I also find it difficult to reach—on any kind of level—people who behave idiosyncratically or who are 'desertic.' I've always been attracted to a more low-key approach. It's common, but I like people who are candid and good."

Now and then she becomes self-conscious when her opinions are solicited. She conveys her unease by interrupting her thoughts with a gently sarcastic "me, me, me." Her reserve may have to do with how late she started out in the celebrity business and with the fact that all that movie around the bistro in *Winter's End*, however chaotic, was nonetheless a boner of honest values. Unlike so many who are purely and instinctively creative, she valiantly tried to do it herself. She was loved.

Which is why one wonders, she is not she isn't a little weird. **Q**

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dance lessons and studied the violin. By the time she got to college, she wanted to be a painter. Up to that time, her favorite movie was *A Thousand Clowns*, which she'd seen five times, and she'd seen Joan Roberts' "crazy charm" and Barbara Harris' "intelligent eccentric."

"It wasn't all that it was cracked up to be," she says of Sarah Lawrence. "I expected a paradise of wildly interesting women and thought that I'd be stimulated beyond belief. I'd had really incredible teachers in high school, but at college I found many were more staid than I was, which was hard to deal with. Maybe I just stumbled into a bad group. I thought, 'What the hell am I doing?' Up until that time, we all regarded education in something intended to get us into college. Now,

college is just a way to get into a job. And the rest was fringe. The jacket came down in here, and the rest was fringe. And it bored up the front." She tries to prevent her pupils but gives in. "I used to wear that jacket all the time with purple bell-bottoms. I cut quite a dashing figure. Anyway, I understood the look and sang in the chorus. Among my numbers were 'What a Piece of Work is Man,' 'Freaky Malls,' and 'Black Days.'"

"So you took off your clothes in that one, too?"
She nods to acknowledge a certain inevitability. "They gave us two-fifty extra a night if we took off our clothes. That's two dollars and fifty cents."

"And what did your family think of this?"

MY LIVELIHOOD

WHEN A MAN HAS A HOME, A WIFE,
TWO CHILDREN, AND A WAY TO SPEND
HIS TIME, WHY DOES HE NEED A JOB?

by Charles Dickinson

I LOST MY DAIRY JOB AND WAS NOT TROUBLED. ONE OF MY brothers-in-law said he could get me into the carpenters' union. He said he'd lend me the tools and instruct me in their use. I was tired of the dairy, all that whiteness every day, and the hairnets we had to wear. Hair in milk. Shows right up.

But I didn't want to be a carpenter, either. I wasn't looking for work. This bothered the hell out of my Stella, who was expecting our second child, hoping for a girl this time. She was six months gone. Two-thirds there, her belly was nice and round. Her cheeks were fat. My Stella is tall and took it well. She is very close to being pretty. My son's name is Ray.

My Stella's brother is a contractor of some sort. He told me I was lazy. His brothers, seven carpenters, used the same thing. Ray even picked it up. Daddy's boy. Stella's family makes me nervous. They are too hearty in their work, out all day driving nails. They have muscles and great skin. They told me I could be a carpenter too and called me lazy when I said no thanks. I was waiting. I told myself. I felt something happening.

I'm thirty-three years old. I've been out of work a number of times in my life. Never like this, though. Steel tells me. She's right. I want avoid pain. I want not get roped into the first thing that pays. That is the old me. I was raised to hate work but to do it. I always had to have a job. This time I'm going slow.

The dairy told me when April Ebbert's. My foreman called me into his office and

said, "Kids ain't drinking the milk they used to." I didn't have the sensibility to remember such a trend, but I liked the money. Ray-Ray drinks the stuff by the ton. Me and three other guys in harem's went out the door. One guy started to cry and shake right there in the parking lot. A young guy, married, but no kids, he went right to peece before my eyes. I shook hands all around, told the crying guy to grab his. I got in my car and went straight home. Me for a sandwich and beer.

Along the way home I saw ads for things I couldn't afford anymore. On my dairy pay I couldn't afford most things, but there was always the chance, now, so way. The world was being with side, I noticed. All these delirious beyond my reach.

I got out of my whites at home and threw them down the laundry chute. This was a small favorite with me, the boy in one coming out. I held on to the clothes until I could get my hand in the chute to watch



Charles Dickinson wrote as a copy editor at the *Daily Herald* in Arlington Heights, Illinois. His is currently writing a novel "My Livelihood" which has just appeared in a national magazine.

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hips of them stilled in the trunk and back seat of her Lincoln. I asked where she got them all.

"Along the highway," she said. "Everywhere you look. People can be such pigs."

I asked if this was how she paid for her car, smiling to let her know I was flirting.

"My daddy bought my car for me."

She kept repeating with ease all that summer, and when I drove home I always was surprised to see my car along the road. I was sure she had gotten them all.

She had an anxious face. She was eager for something and late in July I began to have dreams that it was me. I asked her for a date the next time she was in. She agreed and reluctantly drove. We went to a restaurant and had a pizza on our first date. On other dates we walked in her red back seat. She was clumsy with her arms and she got into my arms. Then her grove and invasion were starting.

She began driving me to and from work on occasion, we scouted the highway together for cars, then I looked her prosecutor's hat. The first time I took her clothes off I was amazed at all that was under my Stella, long, smooth-skinned middle. She wore earrings in a pair. Ray.

Ray soon followed. I was making \$10.11 an hour at the recycling center and taking it so much it had the feel of a career. Then about a year ago my Stella came home and told me her father knew someone at the agency that he could get me a job if I was interested.

I PLANNED TO BE THE FIRST WEEK of May. My Goodwill club was in sorry condition but I didn't mind.

I asked the crew from their house they worked there. When I wasn't on the course, I was practicing in my yard with plastic golf balls.

The pro at the public course where I played told me my swing was "a natural" and that it could make me spread up with a few lessons. I had no use for lessons. I was taking a lesson, that would mean less time I'd be out on the course actually playing. I was afraid to take golf seriously. I was afraid I'd learn to hate the game.

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which I paid two dollars for at a garage sale, they fit perfectly but one was missing a heel (cliché). I had a sport. And when my playing partners had to quit to go back to work, I could play all afternoon.

Just came. The summer was dry and hot. I could feel the greens quaking by the moment. My Stella's face got fatter. I was in the first, just predicting my time when one of my brothers-in-law appeared. This one was named Jack. He was about forty years old, with thick brown hair, a tan, and a capsize in his mouth.

"How's the holding up?" he asked.
"Just fine."
"No brain?"
"Stella?"
Jack broke off a laugh and walked up to the house he had helped build. He smoked the pipe. "No, no. Our house. A damn fine job we did for you."

"The house is fine," I murmured. I had seven plastic balls lined up at my feet. One by one I would be them down the yard. I looked forward to Jack leaving so I could get an edit.

"Stella tells us you're still out of work," Stella told everybody that, I said, "I expect to see it on the news."

"Been a while, hasn't it?"
I swung smoothly through the first ball and it floated away with a faint swoosh.

I took Jack best of that hopeless knot of carpenters I had married into. He was the oldest, and the only one to thank me for the beams I latched while they built our house. Not much at a wage, I know, hours for a house, but I appreciate good manners wherever they occur.

"We're okay," I said. "Thanks for your concern."

"You got any prospects?"

"Prospects for a job? I haven't been long on the land."

"You've got a pregnant wife in there, pal," Jack said.

"No. Stella not home."

He grinned. Me, the smart man. "What do you do with yourself all day?"

"I play a lot of golf. You play?"

"No. Look, how about being a carpenter? We can get you in the union."

"No, thanks."

"Did you be out call in a few towns. It's good money. The work is seasonal, sure, but when you work, the money is damn good."

"I can't even hammer a nail, Jack." With the softest rick I sent the next ball away down a sweet, high path.

Jack dropped his cigarette. "That can be taught. Any automobile can drive a kid. We'll lend you some tools and you can get your own. With a little time from that we can even stop your apprenticeship. You'll start right off in the serious money."

"You've given us enough already," I told him. I settled myself over the next ball. Jack momentarily seemed to be hit it acutely. "This house," I said, "and I know

your father gives Stella money. I can't take another job from you, too."

"Is that so terrible? Along something from your family during hard times?"

"Look, Jack. It's gotten to that point."

"It's not about getting out of the season. The winter is but a mile long."

"Let someone in who wants to be a carpenter."

"It's true, I guess, what Stella says."

"Probably," I agreed.

"She says you're lazy. She says you like being out of a job."

"My Stella speaks the truth."

MY STELLA GAVE US A DAUGHTER on a stormy August morning. Cecilia just was a big girl like her mother, carrying in a couple shy of ten pounds. I had my fingers crossed. Stella's wet knees and soggy air rather than listen to her heart. She had worked hard. The baby was cold and screaming. We took our mother's first names, flipping a coin to determine the order.

The elevator dumped a load of carpenters. We heard them coming and Stella laughed. She pulled her hand eyes at me and looked her look back behind her eyes. She knew I'd be leaving soon.

Her father and then in. He carried a stack of mail.

"So he's the number one who's too good to be a carpenter," he said. "Too good to be helped out by his family that works up a sweat on the job."

"Really?" Stella protested.

They killed the room with the smell of pine. Strains hung in their hair. Their pants were handsomely adorned with loops and slots to hold the gammas of their clothing. They had brought single nifty and bleached parties.

"Mr. Out-of-Work don't know what a sweet deal he has," Stella's father pressed.

I raised my pretty wide goodbye. Her forehead bent of ask. Already her face looked used to fat.

"See you, boys," I said to the carpenters, and made my way through them to the door.

I met three strangers and we went out. I played my round to an empty case. The others limped in to the high corners and low nooks.

"These men are here," I said. "They are here to beat themselves. I counted a ball dozen times when each of them could have made a run at me, but I know they wouldn't. Over the summer I'd learned to read my opponents by the hunch of their shoulders or the moke from their ears, and to know whether they'd let me win or to emerge to compound their anguish. I waited for these moments and threw a bet their way just before they shot. They would stagger up, place at me, and accept. They hated themselves for being less than perfect, now they had bet on it. A vein of cash ran from their

bones to my wrist.

Toward the end of the day, I waited in the pro shop drinking lemonade.

"Didn't do much today," observed Dave.

"Too hot," I agreed.

"Too hot for anything."

"Hey, Dave! I'm a father!"

Dave smiled at me. "No shit?"

"Second time around," I said. "But undeniably so."

"Think so?" He shook my hand. "You got any girls?"

I ignored my pockets. "Sorry."

"That's a sorry answer anyhow."

Dave said, "The father'll be paying out the nose of his eye. He should be the one getting the answers."

"I am," I said.

"So what can I give you, Dad?"

"Now act of sticks?"

"No, no, no, Dad."

"A free round?"

"Play us, Dave."

I heard a fountain. We moved over the course, through a cooling shade. Dave worked in the pro shop lights. I was picking up the money on my thirty-third hole of the day. I planned to shower, have a beer, then get Ray and go visit his mother and father. But every grand I was in in three. Nobody could stop the from winning money on the mound. And nobody said I couldn't be a little more.

My opponents had been at work and had come to catch the late afternoon reduced fees. They played the first time as though still in season and then they betched about their work between shots. They expected too much. Their anger increased and I skinned it like cream.

On the eighteenth green I turned to one of them, a guy named Herb. He could not believe he couldn't win by seven strokes. He was on in three, too.

"Go to whoever gets down from here first!" I said.

"Really?" He jumped at the chance.

Her lips got thin because I liked to swing my day's last putt. They always made me a little sad. What promise did I have if I emerged again? Away from the game I was just another guy out of work.

Herbert put his first putt eight feet past the cup. I really rolled mine within a foot. I tapped in to get out of his way. No problem, he went wide. I swear his eyes were glowing.

"They paid me my due in the twilight. Herb had to write me a check the last his checkbook in his bag, so though he suspected something, I kept him silent, and I accepted it graciously. Another guy paid me in quarters.

All this money amazed me. My best-look was seasonal, like carpentry.

A coin fell through my fingers while I was putting my earnings in my wallet. I felt it there as the green for a fellow player to make his ball.



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BY GEOFFREY NORMAN

THE FLY-FISHER KING

Riding the Snake River with Ernest Schwiebert

ON THE banks of the Henry's Fork of the Snake River, just upstream from the Railroad Ranch, three men stand watching the water and eating lunch from a Styrofoam cooler—roast chicken, smoked broccoli, carrots, bread and cheese, some white wine poured into paper cups. Four anglers are fishing the stretch of the river, all of them close against the far bank waiting to see a big rainbow take its exit from the water's surface. No one's casting yet.

One of the anglers finally makes his way back across the river, tarring upstream so that he faces into the strong current. In five minutes or so he is across. He climbs the bank and walks past the three men eating lunch, then stops. He looks at one of the men and cocks his head a little, as though to verify his original sighting from another angle. He has a young face, very ripe.

"Hey," he says to the man he has been studying. "aren't you Ernest Schwiebert?"

"Yes, I am."
"No kidding?"
"Nope."

The man's waders are still dripping, and his floppy hat is pulled down over his eyes, giving him the sheepish appearance that trout fishermen have when they are out of the water. He examines Schwiebert for a minute. "You know," he says at last, "I just can't believe it. I really can't. I've been reading your stuff all my life. I mean, it's like you're my hero."

Ernest Schwiebert, to his credit, laughs.

EVERY SUBCULTURE produces its own stars, people who are unknown to the rest of us but who are giants to the aficionados. Pool shooters have theirs; doo-doo; likewise bridge players and mountain climbers. Arnold Schwarzenegger was aged among body builders long before he became known to the rest of us. Among fly-fishermen, the best-known figure



is almost certainly Ernest Schwiebert. Schwiebert was still an undergraduate at Ohio State when he sold his first book, some thirty years ago. It was called *Matching the Hatch*, a phrase that has entered the vocabulary of fishermen as solidly that some of them must assume that it's as much as biblical, or at least as good as Isaac Walton. First editions of the book now sell for twenty-five dollars and more. Its publication led Schwiebert, who was studying architecture, into a second career. He has since traveled the world and fished its finest rivers, from the West to the Rhine. He has fished and dined with all manner of celebrated people and has been written about in magazines as diverse as *Play*, *Parade* and *Time* & *Country*.

But Schwiebert is more than a name who fishes well and writes about it—though his admirers, like the kid in the floppy hat, don't understand why any man would want to be more. In the early Sixties, he took two sabbaticals from Princeton—one in

architectural design and planning, the other in architecture. By then he had published a second fishing book, called, to the dismay of some, *Amateurism of River-People* (he has an apology for the title: "Warning," says, "If you're going to steal, then steal good." Anyway, that is not the best English translation for Princeton's title.) Schwiebert has written for the architectural journals and published a book called *Architecture in Search of Crickets*, with Princeton University Press. For several years he was with a large New York architectural firm, now he has his own consulting operation.

One does not have to probe very deep to see two themes in Schwiebert's life: saving and learning. They are not antithetical or even exclusive, certainly anyone who has ever fished (or trout seriously has begun to think of it as a form of inquiry. Trout fishermen collect insects and preserve specimens, identifying them by their Latin names.

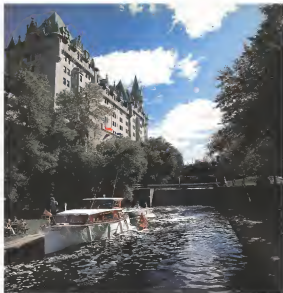
They take water and soil samples, keep logs and records, publish their findings, and register in books over where credit should go for advances in learning. It is safe to say that no angler in history has ever taken all this more seriously or cultivated it with more dedication than Ernest Schwiebert.

"I'VE BEEN here all morning," the kid says. "Fishing a sturgeon. Nothing."

Well, that's a good searching fly, but searching flies don't work so well on this river. You need to find a feeding fish and figure out exactly what he's doing to. These are probably the most selective trout in the world. This is the central stretch of hatch matching—trout feed on specific insects at specific times, and to be successful, an angler's flies must imitate them as closely as possible.

"What's likely to work this time of year?" the kid asks.

"The green drakes are starting to come."



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all," Schweibert says. "But sometimes the flyfisher can't go for them. They make another hatch, *leucis*, especially. In a week or two, we should be seeing flycatchers. That's a very good hatch."

When Schweibert and others begin to study mayflies intensively, they had to use Latin names, which strikes many fishermen as unnecessary and snobbish. "There simply weren't any popular names for the species we were coming up with," Schweibert explains. "The Latinists who translated was the only thing possible."

After two hours, the list is complete, ready to use all that he has been told. "Listen," he says, "all this time you've been here and you haven't even reeled a rat. Aren't you going to fish?"

Robert smiles. He has a wide, durable face, the kind an architect or a boxer—a strong chin, a thick ridge of bone above his eyes, and a broad nose. "Maybe later," he says. He opens another bottle of wine, pours, and says, "You've got to remember what Genghis always said: 'The least important part of fishing is fishing.'"

ARNOLD GINGRICH, whose interests were as varied as those of the magicians that he lured into him once among them, managed to elicit fishing and to keep it in perspective at the same time. Schweibert dedicated his most recent book, *Dusk of a Riverkeeper*, to Gingrich.

Fabled flyfisher's primary solid cast was learned by some level books and fine writing, toward the lessons of Whitman and Tolstoy. Schweibert's primary solid cast was learned by some level books and fine writing, toward the lessons of Whitman and Tolstoy. Schweibert's primary solid cast was learned by some level books and fine writing, toward the lessons of Whitman and Tolstoy.

Although he wrote a blue streak when he was on the water, Arnold Gingrich was usually a blunder when he wrote about it. It was a surprise, he must admit, that he and his type were gifted athletes in the best sense.

Sometime after the Second World War, the Gingrich-like figures began to be replaced by a new kind of angler: Call them fishermen—they were interested in equations and not in stories. For these, catching fish was the whole point. They were

aided by technological innovations. Glass and graphite replaced bamboo in rods. Nylon replaced silk in lines and leaders. The new equipment was both less expensive than the traditional and easier to understand and maintain. But it changed the spirit of the enterprise ever so subtly. The ancestry of bamboo rods is traceable to violin making. Graphite is a spin-off of the space program.

A new kind of fishing book also began to appear about this time, one that was completely uninterested in anecdote or in description of woods and streams. No fly-and-blood fishermen moved through these books. They were all technique and—delighting the example of *Morning the Males*—all of descriptions of insects.

Robert Schweibert could hold his own with the best of the new breed, and in some ways anticipated them, he was after something new. I remember reading an article he wrote for *Esquire* in the early 1960s called "Legend and the Letter," which detailed the associations of a few fishermen who linked one of the handsome streamers of this state and had come up with some new tactics and flies. I had never fished for trout when I read that story, but it made me want to. The story was typical of the kind that Schweibert was cultivating in these days: an ability to synthesize the style of the old fly-fisherman like Gingrich and the best of what the new breed was doing.

Schweibert's efforts resulted, some twenty years later, in the publication of *Trout*, clearly his masterpiece, in which if nothing else. The book is almost eight-hundred pages long, published in two elegant volumes, and packed at seventy-five dollars. All the drawings and the color plates are by the author. Everything that Schweibert has learned about trout is there, and it is impossible not to be wowed by the sheer encyclopedic accomplishment of the book. The writing is descriptive and anecdotal, but for some reason, for too much. But, to Schweibert's credit, he wrote in a certain, elegant way.

Increasingly, this comprises the modern fly fisher's reviews have been in the most sophisticated fishing publications. An *Audubon* editor writing in *Fish & Stream* and the reviewer for *The Washington Post* praised it as "about as well-written as any fishing book."

Increasingly, this comprises the modern fly fisher's reviews have been in the most sophisticated fishing publications. An *Audubon* editor writing in *Fish & Stream* and the reviewer for *The Washington Post* praised it as "about as well-written as any fishing book."

fisher. He'd have a better vehicle for all that he knows."

THE KID, much as he savors the presence of his boat, moves on to his fishing. Schweibert and his companions sit and talk and watch the river. Above them there is a scorching battle between an eagle and a bald eagle. It lasts for half an hour, both birds riding the high western thermals until the eagle gets a five-hundred-foot advantage in altitude. He folds his wings and begins to dive. The eagle lands and catches the trout. The eagle lands and catches the trout. The eagle lands and catches the trout.

Finally when the sun is beginning to settle and the sandhill cranes are coming over the river with their otherwise muffled sound, the trout begin rising and Schweibert decides it is time to get in the water and fish. He begins to wade in the water and fish. He begins to wade in the water and fish. He begins to wade in the water and fish.

The sun falls below the mountains and the water is colder almost by the minute. The stars are the only light water from the snow that covers the peaks of the distant Teton. It is almost full dark when Schweibert says, "He has caught and released some ten fish. Out of the stream he catches the cold for the first time. He catches the cold for the first time. He catches the cold for the first time."

There is talk of dinner that night, the last on this trip. Tomorrow, Schweibert leaves for home. He'll have a week before he is off to Iceland, where he will fish the salmon with the actor Richard Gere as a segment of NBC's *The American Sportsman*. After that, Alaska. He may travel to Chile or the water; he is a consultant on a park project there that is, he says, "twice the size of Yellowstone." And there are two more writing projects, as well as the basis of his consulting group and some speaking engagements. Ernest Schweibert is never still—except when he stands on the bank of a stream, watching for signs of rising fish.

GEORGE NYMAN is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.

CARBURETOR GETS 200 MPG!

BY R.C. WINSTON

WASHINGTON—Establishment of a new world record for fuel economy—an incredible 1,368 miles per gallon achieved in the Shell Motor Mileage Marathon by a special three-wheel vehicle with 90cc engine—has touched off a stampede among car manufacturers and tinkers to drastically increase the gas mileage of cars.

They are attempting to achieve this by means of the Pogue Carburetor, a device which the Ford Motor Co. has shown can deliver over 200 mpg to an ordinary sedan. This gas-miser carburetor has never been mass-produced.

The Pogue is covered by several patents issued by the U.S. Patent Office here, but a recent book asserts that the patents are invalid, that anyone can now build the Pogue without legal restraint.

As a result, vendors, parts manufacturers and entrepreneurs are racing to mass-produce this peerless fuel consumer.

The book, *Secrets of the 200 MPG Carburetor*, contains full details, instructions and diagrams on how to construct the Pogue. It states that anyone can build the carburetor, even in a home workshop. Copies are available from Premier Distributing, P.O. Box 404-II, New York, N.Y. 10019, at \$4.95 (plus \$1 to cover the cost of postage and handling; total, \$5.95).

The Pogue Carburetor is named for its inventor, Charles N. Pogue, now 31 and living in a Whitecap, Manitoba, nursing home. Pogue is making no attempt to prevent others from producing and marketing his invention.

205 MPG

The Ford Motor Co. of Canada, in a test documented in *Secrets of the 200 MPG Carburetor*, proved that the Pogue Carburetor does indeed achieve a remarkable 25.7 miles per pint—or 205 miles per gallon.

Allan Wallace, author of *Secrets of the 200 MPG Carburetor*, says the Pogue's gas mileage is not all that remarkable.

He contends that others have invented carburetors with exceptionally high gas mileage, too,

but that the American people have been kept in the dark about them by the oil companies in order to preserve gas sales.

To support his assertion, Wallace documents several instances of stupendous gas mileage, including 84 mpg achieved by Ralph Moody Jr. of Oak Hill, Fla., with a Ford Capri, and 100 mpg by Thomas W. Ogilvie of El Paso, Texas, with a Ford Calmar.

Wallace says he has amassed enough case histories "to fill a set of volumes the size of an entire encyclopedia." He includes construction details for the most interesting and feasible systems in his book.

"I feel the public has a right to know how to produce its own high-mileage systems," he says. "If enough people are looking around in 100-mpg cars, the auto and oil industries will have no choice but to offer fuel-efficient carburetors in all production models."

BON FUEL WASTE

Wallace says the average car burns only 20 percent of the fuel it consumes. The rest is lost, unburned, and is emitted through the tailpipe to pollute the atmosphere.

All successful high-mileage carburetors drastically increase the percentage of fuel vaporized and burned. "There is no reason why the average car's 20 percent can't be increased to 80 percent," Wallace asserts.

"The carburetor of today is little changed from what it was 50 years ago," he says. "I'm hoping that my book will spur a change—for the benefit of the nation, the ecology, and the consumer."

To obtain a copy, readers of this magazine need merely send their name and address with \$4.95 (plus \$1 for postage and handling; total, \$5.95) to Premier Distributing, P.O. Box 404-II, New York, N.Y. 10019.

This book is sold with a guarantee of satisfaction or your money back, and is most enthusiastically recommended.

Any calculator can count to ten. This one can knock you out first.



The Contender From Casio.

The Contender is a full-function memory calculator with built-in clock and alarm, all featuring Casio design and accuracy. But what really gives it its wallop is a boxing game that will put you to the test.

You control your fighter's every move. You make him jab, hook, and throw combinations. And you'd better keep him away from The Contender's lethal punches. Because if he tags your man with a good one, your man falls to the

canvas, and The Contender raises its arm in victory.

Each time you land a blow, The Contender memorizes it and forces you to try another strategy. He won't fall for the same sucker punch twice.

The Contender gives you 8 rounds to knock him out, and you can rack up points in up to 99 fights. The highest score is recorded and held in the memory until another fearless fighter can beat it. You won't win a million

dollar prize for knocking out The Contender. But, then again, this amazingly sophisticated calculator sells for an amazingly low price. So put up your dukes, and may the best man (or machine) win.



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HIGH LIFE

BY TAKI

THE HUSTLERS OF YESTERYEAR

They were irresistibly charming—even as they took your very last dollar

IN THE spring of 1963, my parents took me to Palm Beach during my school vacation in order to get me away from people they considered to be a bunch of twaddles but who in reality were nothing more than the school's football captain and the captain of the wrestling team. Not that I blame my parents. When my mother visited my prep school in New Jersey for the first and only time she was appalled. No wonder had I possibly introduced my two best friends—and big wheels on campus, I might add—when she noticed that all three had cauliflower ears and one even sported a broken back to boot. In Greece rich boys from good houses did not even take part in violent sport. After consulting with my father, who devoted the spring vacation in Palm Beach might prove tedious in more ways than one.

And that is how I came to know one of the most accomplished hustlers of the day, a man I shall call Alexis (back in '63, Alexis was dark and handsome, with an athletic build and the kind of teeth one finds only in Hollywood—except in his case they were real). He spoke five languages, played sports extremely well, and had impeccable (if somewhat exaggerated) manners. The best was what surprised people the most—especially my mother, who, when she first met him at the Breakers Hotel, thought he was the most charming man she had ever seen. She encouraged me to stick to him like glue in the hope that some of his manners would rub off on me. My father, too, was taken by him, and within a week Alexis, my parents, and I were inseparable. We took all our meals together at the hotel—my father picking up the tab for everybody—and tried to spend as much time together as possible. After Alexis taught me to write riles, gave me a few pointers in boxing, and tutored my mother on the sax, he took my or my father, who was bored, and played some two-handed poker with him. Two weeks later my father had to take New York for cash. He had no checks left in his checkbook.

Never have I missed a male so much as I missed Alexis when I got back to school. He was everything I thought I wanted to be, but whenever I mentioned him to my old man, there would be all sorts of grunts and, finally, a long lecture about not judging people by appearance.

Old man! Alexis had taken my father for a good ride, and on top of that, Daddy couldn't get his son to stop talking about how great a guy this fellow was. Yet, much as he grumbled, I don't think my father really minded losing to one such as Alexis. Alexis was one of the best gentlemen card sharks, and their likes have gone the way of high class turts, tinseltastic looney lazers, and self-effacing politicians.

Like all hustlers, though, Alexis had a terrible weakness: he couldn't hold on to money. The moment he had covered someone's body out of his cash, Alexis would fly to Havana (S.C. Havana) and try to beat the tables of the casino. Eventually, he took the hard way out. He ended up marrying a very rich American woman and settling down in a life of comfort and ease. When I last ran into him, however, he seemed nostalgic about "the good old days, when making a buck meant really working for a."

Oh you don't think setting up a pyramid is hard work, you're a lot to learn. I



of the species crawl all over Gated, St. Moritz, Palm Beach, and Acapulco during the winter and Monte Carlo, City d'Antibes, Deauville, Southhampton, and Marbella in summer. New York, Las Vegas, London, Paris, and London serve as the main hustling grounds the rest of the year. Whereas once a mid-Atlantic accent, a British background, a Latin-oriented accent, and national splendor were de rigueur, today's hustlers are a ready crowd, sporting diamond rings, ruffled shirts, and cuts on the sleeves of their suits. They remind me of bisexual Karynesque characters without the warmth or humor.

Worse still, they do not seem to mind anyone with elegant female accomplices. I used to be told a gorgeous lady with a long cigarette holder would look over the player's cards and signal the hustler by pointing discreetly to her forehead (long), eyebrow (short), nose (jack), mouth (two), chin (low), shoulder (steep, steep), neck, wrist, or delicately moving her fingers (see through five). Today some slob signals the hustler electronically. Who needs women? Who needs elegance? The modern-day hustler is single following the trend. The collapsed standards regarding chris, speech, and manner have made it easier for any vulgarian to feel at home among the clients of grand hotels. Once the rich man has been lured to the table, it is impossible to tell the shark from the victim. Both speak for hire.

There used to be a time when I agreed with Derrick's opinion that, as a general rule, nobody has money who might as have it. I used to think that Alexis was right in moping my father off. But more than correct in getting Barbara Hoffman to pay him for serving five tables at a marriage. The playboys of these days were good, trash guys, but to be with and, more important, fun to lose to. Now I'm not so sure about Derrick's opinion. The risk might be pretty doubtful, but not as hard by a long shot as the modern-day hustler.

TAKI THE HUSTLER OF YESTERYEAR is a Los Angeles-based correspondent and author.



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BOOKS

BY JAMES WOLCOTT

OPENING SCENES

Louise Brooks recalls the movie industry's early days in Lulu in Hollywood

THE WARM walk Lulu Williams Shawn affectionately gave her Louise Brooks in his introduction to *Brooks Lulu in Hollywood* (to be published this month by Knopf, \$13.95) doesn't quite prepare the reader for the book's sloping ferocity and aplomb. Striding a gentlemanly time, the editor of *The New Yorker* appoints Brooks a companion as actress and writer, adding a touch grandly: "Long ago, she also danced. People who saw her dance say that she danced well, and I am confident she did." In a sense, Shawn's introduction to Lulu is an act of homage not only to Brooks but to one of his more celebrated contributors, the late Kenneth Tynan, whose 1970 New Yorker profile of Brooks floored the shadowy corners of her life with sunlight and admiration and rekindled interest in her career. Brooks, a scorching beauty whose trademark was a bobcut of black hair with bangs, tumbled into the bowers of



calibrated crap detector. Her own memoirs helped tighten the tuning of her detector. Born in Kansas in 1896, Brooks came to New York in 1922 to study dance with Ted Shawn, and her summer afternoons turned into an arduous slog of nude scenes and postures.

Sweet! Sweet! Sweet! Exhausted boys (mean jocks of their own sort), Lulu's black wool bathing suits stain with sweat. The only sweet-free, robe-free pool was also the only New York pool. . . . Most of the students were brunettes from the Middle West, to which, like my chaperon, Alice Mills, they would return to establish Oberlin schools themselves. Kansas-born though I was, these bodies with their marbled hair, their bluish and rosy, and their, ah, unimpeachable noses (describing the women of Grant's Tomb and the Statue of Liberty filled me with awe).

Perhaps Brooks felt that snail of scorn because her own nose scraped on her

nostril. "I didn't want to speak the affected London stage English of the high-circus stars, like Lou Clayton and Ruth Chatterton. I wanted to speak clear, un-labeled English." To tame the vowels of her Kansas accent, Brooks took lessons from a smart-alecky soda jerk, who at first scorned cheap laughs at her expense.

One day, when the soda jerk was making the customers at the fountain laugh with a very short "Smiling a here now I stopped laughing, because, 'Instead of making fun of me, why don't you teach me how to stop it?' While he was correcting a German girl, he began to make it the story of becoming my Pop-nuts, and before I finished my lemon soda, our lessons had begun. "Milk" became "milk" and "yes-yes" became "yes." Then, "the water is in better" and "water" as in "daughter." And so on and so on. You figured—it's help, help, help!"

Vowels shipshape and secure, Brooks stomped through post-watering spots on average grown slushy streets to the novel end, in 1924, brings a bunch of picturesque class ensembles to George White's Scandals; then, in 1925, to Rung's Follies.

Rich, middle-class usually takes its toll, and perhaps the most intimate and biting chapter is Lulu's in the one on Marjorie Dawkins (aka Dora Lee), in which a life aglittered with lighter moments in a rooming house of alcoholics, cocaine, Jewish flags, and candy abortions. "I was twenty-one and I was seventeen when we first met, in 1918, on New York's Day, at San Stefano," notes Brooks. San Stefano was of course the dream castle of newspaper magnate William Randolph Hearst, and Brooks gives us a schematic, sweet tour of the castle's splendor—the roses of Shawnee racing banners floating near the ceiling at the dining hall, the black stone water gushing from the cascaded the Gothic fireplace. She also clues us in on the comedies unfolding in this household.



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